

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

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SEYMOUR, INDIANA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1907.

PRICE TWO CENTS

BUSINESS GOOD

Seymour Merchants Are Having Their Summer Rush.

Every day is a busy one in Seymour now since the merchants have been arranging special sales and advertising them freely in the newspapers. Almost every day people from a distance stop in at this office and ask where such and such a store is.

Steinwedel's special sale will last till tomorrow night. The Loom End sale at the Gold Mine has closed except for the odds and ends that are still being disposed of. Ross is closing out Oxford shoes at a large discount. Bush is disposing of the Pfaffenberger stock of shoes on W. Second street, in some cases at less than cost. Dehler's shoe store is having a special sale of Oxfords and low cut shoes which will last till the end of next week. The sale of the Toobey stock of goods on S. Chestnut street is attracting large numbers of people to the city who not only buy there but buy something at many of the other stores while in the city. The Ideal is having a special sale on waists. L. F. Miller & Co. conducted a special July sale of dry goods beginning July 10th.

These are a few of the special sales that have been advertised in Seymour during the past four weeks and as a consequence Seymour merchants have perhaps never had such a business in July as they have had this year. It will continue the same through August. Instead of July and August being off months some of our enterprising merchants have had a rush. Has the extra business paid for the expense and the trouble it cost? Yes, and many times over. Most of these same merchants have had special sales before but some of them have not. All are sure to profit next year and in future years by the experience gained this year and every man of them will continue to use printers ink in letting the people know when they have something to dispose of at a bargain. Some merchants advertise every day in the year and they make it pay. The buyers from a distance always hunt up these stores. Every day store news never fails to widen the circle of trade.

Marie Bradley Wins.

Thomas Hopewell's Marie Bradley won the race at the North Vernon Fair Thursday afternoon in three straight heats. Best time 2:19. It is said that the same horses were at North Vernon that raced against Marie Bradley at Edinburg last week but that they raced in a different class this time. Marie could have made better time Thursday if it had been necessary but her opponents were not fast enough to crowd her very closely. Seymour people thought the race was pretty nice but it was not so exciting as a race in which the first horses are more closely contested. The crowd that went to North Vernon this morning was rather tame compared with that of yesterday and it was Marie Bradley that took a large part of the crowd over then.

There are a great many people who have slight attacks of indigestion and dyspepsia nearly all the time. Their food may satisfy the appetite but it fails to nourish the body simply because the stomach is not in fit condition to do the work it is supposed to do. It can't digest the food you eat. You ought to take something that will do the work that your stomach can't do. Kodol for indigestion and dyspepsia, a combination of natural digestant and vegetable acids, digests the food itself and gives strength and health to the stomach. Pleasant to take. Sold by all Druggists.

Insurance Men Meet.

W. H. Shutts, of Brownstown, Harry Rodenberg, of Crothersville, and Mr. Lisenby, of Austin, were all in this city Thursday to attend an all day meeting of the Insurance men, who are under the direction of Assistant Superintendent Mark Williams, of this city. In the evening these gentlemen and the local agents constituted a theatre party at the Airdome.

Improving

Louis Stewart, who was seriously injured one evening this week by being kicked in the stomach by a mule at the Stewart livery stables, is improving some but is still quite sore. He is able to walk around some and was down town this morning. It seems now that his injuries are not so serious as was at first feared.

John Kuhlman, of near Bobtown, was in the city this morning.

Removed To Indianapolis.

Dr. G. G. Graessle was taken to Indianapolis this morning on the late train where it was the intention to perform an operation this afternoon at one o'clock. His condition has perhaps not been quite so favorable for the past twenty-four hours and it was finally agreed by all that the proper thing to do was to perform an operation. At first Dr. Graessle wanted the operation performed here, but in a few minutes he changed his mind and decided to be taken to Indianapolis. He was accompanied to the city by Dr. James M. Shields, Dr. W. M. Casey, Charles Graessle, Mrs. Graessle, George Peters, Tip Blish and C. E. T. Dobbins. If his condition is such as to make the operation seem advisable at that time he was to be operated on about one o'clock this afternoon. The most serious danger seems to be a rather weak heart action but it is hoped that he will be able to stand the operation all right. His care and the surroundings will be the best at Indianapolis and the intention is to give him every opportunity for recovery. There has been a great deal of anxiety about his case by the family and by our citizens generally from the first and this anxiety has increased more as the case developed further.

Engine Derailed.

A local freight engine on the Pennsylvania line was derailed near Speeds about dark Wednesday evening and delayed trains for several hours. Trainmaster Nick Bennett was in Columbus at the time and the late southbound train was held there about fifteen minutes till he could be located. The northbound train had not reached Speeds yet when the accident happened and was delayed more than two hours, arriving in Seymour about midnight. A wrecking crew had to be called out to clear the track before trains could be run.

Measles.

There are four cases of measles reported from the home of Ed Stanfield in the north part of the city. Mr. Stanfield's oldest son Owen was taken with the measles several days ago and James who works in the Stanfield & Carlson hardware store had to give up his work and take to his bed. Two other members of the family have already broken out and the rest of the family are expected to within the next few days. The weather now seems to be rather favorable and they all are getting along very nicely.

Cartooned.

The Salem Democrat cartoonist got out a picture last week which was labeled "A Long Distance Duck Hunter" which looked quite familiar and was no doubt prompted by the report from Kentucky river a year ago when Judge Buskirk, of this city is said to have killed a farmer's tame ducks thinking they were wild ones. The Judge has been up the Kentucky river several times since then but always manages to go when the farmer is busy or is away from home.—Paoli Republican.

Moves To Indianapolis.

Anderson Shultz will haul the household goods of Mrs. Lennie Hyatt to Indianapolis, where she will reside in the future. The trip will be made overland tonight. Mrs. Hyatt and son, Homer, will go to Indianapolis tomorrow, and hereafter the family will reside on North New Jersey street, near Thirty-fourth street, in that city, where Mrs. Hyatt has purchased a home.—Columbus Republican.

The Airdome.

Eldridge, the great sand artist, drawing life-like pictures in colored sands in the presence of the audience, and a blackface comedian will be the chief features at the Airdome tonight. Among the pictures that Eldridge will make will be that of the burning Iroquois theatre in Chicago, and by the use of alcohol will make the picture more realistic with actual flames.

Chautauqua.

The New Albany and Jeffersonville Chautauqua opened this afternoon and the principal event was the address of Congressman James E. Watson. Tonight Senator Dubois, of Idaho, speaks and tomorrow night will occur the political debate between Congressmen Grosvenor and Champ Clark.

Gold Brick.

J. J. McAlester president of the American National bank at McAlester Ind paid \$10,000 for a worthless brick offered, by a man representing himself to be a miner.

August Weather.

The following data have been compiled from the weather bureau records in Indianapolis and are intended to show the conditions that have prevailed in August during the last thirty-six years, but they are not given out as a forecast of the weather conditions for this month. The normal temperature for August during the last thirty-six years was 74. The warmest August was in 1900, with an average temperature of 79, and the coldest was in 1875, with an average of 70. The highest temperature for August was 101, August 12, 1881, and the lowest was 26, August 23, 1890.

The average precipitation for August for the last thirty-six years was 3.22 inches. The greatest monthly precipitation was 6.7 inches, in 1886, and the least was .42, in 1897. The greatest amount of precipitation in twenty-four consecutive hours was 2.86 inches, August 1, 1875. The average number of clear days was 12; partly cloudy days, 13, and cloudy days, 6. The prevailing winds were from the southwest. The average hourly velocity was seven miles an hour, and the highest velocity was fifty-two miles an hour, from the northwest, August 12, 1900.

Institute Instructor.

Miss Grace Prow, who has been supervisor of music in the Seymour city schools for the past two years, has been engaged as music instructor at the Teachers' Institute to be held at Corydon August 12th to 15th inclusive. The program issued by the county superintendent says of her: "As a Music Instructor Miss Grace L. Prow, of Salem, comes highly recommended. She will appear on the program at least twice a day and at different times will favor the institute with some special music. She will sing a solo at an evening lecture. Her work will be practical and interesting to the teacher."

Miss Prow is a graduate of the Indiana State Normal School at Terre Haute, has taught several years and has had considerable experience as an institute instructor. The superintendent of Harrison County has been very fortunate in securing her services as her work both in the institute and in the class room are excellent.

Occasional headache, belching, bad taste in the mouth, lack of appetite and slight nervousness are symptoms of indigestion which when allowed to go uncared for will develop into a case of dyspepsia that will take a good while to get rid of. Don't neglect your stomach. At the first indication of trouble take something that will help it along in its work of digesting the food you eat. Kodol or indigestion and dyspepsia will do this. Kodol will make your food do you good and will enable you to enjoy what you eat. Sold by all Drug gists.

City School Board.

The school board was organized this morning as follows: Dr. W. M. Casey, President; W. J. Durham, Secretary, and Dr. G. G. Graessle, Treasurer. Dr. Graessle is the new member of the board, who is just now taking his position. Each of these men is a public spirited citizen and the schools are sure to prosper under their care and oversight.

Sand Creek Bridge.

A number of men were still at work Thursday afternoon repairing the abutment at the interurban bridge at Big Sand Creek. They had a lot of gravel there and were making an effort to strengthen the abutment if possible so that it will not be necessary to tear it out and to build another one from the ground up.

Baptist Church.

Next Sunday Rev. J. F. Huckleberry, of Kansas, a brother of the pastor recently called to this church, will preach both morning and evening. The public is cordially invited to hear him.

Public Sale.

The sale at Russell's grocery, corner Third and Broadway, will be continued until all goods are sold, commencing at 7:30 this evening.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is good for boils, burns, cuts, scalds and skin diseases. It is especially good for piles. Sold by all Druggists.

John M. Lewis, Sr., of near Uniontown, was transacting business in the city this morning.

No need of doing your own baking this hot weather. Go to Loertz, the baker.

Try a Want Ad in the REPUBLICAN

TELEPHONE WAR

Petersburg Having Trouble With An Obstinate Company.

PETERSBURG, IND. Aug. 1.—At a special meeting of the city council and representatives of the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company in this city Wednesday night, the city council made concessions to the Cumberland company a twenty-year franchise, as prayed for, in consideration of \$500 cash in hand, without calling for 2 per cent. assessment each year on the gross earnings, but rather than accept the terms offered the company closed its exchange here Thursday and it now threatens to take its lines out of Petersburg unless more agreeable terms to the company are reached.

The company will not even install a toll line, therefore this city has no telephone service to Evansville or south of the Ohio river. Merchants are appealing to the city council, and farmers connected with the Cumberland line are threatening to cease business relations with Petersburg if an agreement is not reached between the city and company. The C. I. & E. railway officers will be compelled to remove to Oakland City, where long-distance connection can be had with Evansville. A majority of the citizens indorse the action of the city council in demanding pay for a valuable twenty-year franchise.

Class Picnic

Fourteen of the members of the class of 1908 of the Shields High school picniced at Rapp's grove at Rockford Thursday. Both dinner and supper were eaten in the grove and very much enjoyed. The young people spent a very pleasant day with boat riding as the principal attraction. A number of games were played during the day and evening. Those who enjoyed the outing were Mentor McDonald, Emma Ross, Grace Doane, Mabel Niemeyer, Alma Switzer, Stella Laupus, May Spurling, Agnes Cobb, Minnie Shepard, George Vehslage, Charles Rottman, Jesse Himler, Geo. Appel and Louis Schneek. Altogether there are twenty-four members of the class.

Three Good Books

The late Senator Pettus of Alabama was a "forty-nicer," going overland to California in the early day and engaging in placer mining. He took with him on that long and tedious journey three books, the Bible, Shakespeare and Burns' poems. He said of them at one time not long since: "I read the Bible from cover to cover; I read the side notes; I read the captions of the chapters; I learned great parts of it by heart, and I haven't forgotten them yet. I learned many of Burns' poems by heart, and much of Shakespeare in the same way too." Such reading of these three books was an education in itself.

Two Years in Mitchell.

Mr. I. W. Pierce, of Huron, is watchman at the B. & O. Third street crossing, vice A. J. Ross, who has gone to Seymour. Mr. Ross has been here two years and said he only wanted to stay long enough to help make Mitchell a city. Mr. Ross is one of the blackest republicans that ever drove a spike, and he don't seem to care much who knows it.—Mitchell Commercial.

Locomotor Ataxia.

Having suffered 20 years, last five in bed, with locomotor ataxia, I have been entirely cured by a new treatment and feel so grateful that I want all who are thus afflicted to know what it is and will gladly give it. Send stamp for answer.

WALTER L. BENTON,
Linden Hotel, Indianapolis.

The way to get rid of a cold whether it be a "bad cold" or just a little one is to get it out of your system through the bowels. Nearly all cough cures especially those that contain opia es, are constipating. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup contains no opiates and acts gently on the bowels. Pleasant to take. Sold by all Druggists.

Saltrising bread at the Hoosier grocery. a3d

Andy J. Ross went on duty this morning as the new watchman at the Chestnut street crossing. Henry Cook had been looking after the crossing since the death of Mr. Sutton several days ago.

Elder Thomas Jones is reported quite ill at his home at the corner of Fifth street and Indianapolis avenue.

Has New Position.

Miss Mable Thicksten sent in her resignation to the Seymour Home Telephone Company last Monday and quit work there on Wednesday evening. Miss Thicksten has accepted a position as long distance operator for the Central Union Telephone Company at Indianapolis and went up this morning to get ready to go on duty. She expects to go to work about next Monday. Mrs. Thickton will remain here at present but may move to Indianapolis in the fall. Miss Mable has been employed by the Seymour Home Telephone Company for about three years and has been very useful to her employees. She has been the collector here for some time and has filled this position very successfully besides doing the other duties assigned to her. She was not dissatisfied with her position here but was simply open for a better position when there was an opportunity. Miss Mable has many friends here who are sorry to see her go away but who hope her new position will be a pleasant one.

Farmers Are Busy

This has been a great week for the farmers who had not previously threshed their wheat. It is in fine condition now for threshing, better than it has been before this season. Many of the farmers are hauling their wheat from the machine to market. Making hay has also been moving forward this week and every day has been favorable for this work. The melon growers have also been busy. Their nutmegs are ripening nicely and loads of them are being shipped from the Seymour station every day.

Reduction Sale.

The great reduction sale at Adolph Steinwedel's Clothing store will continue till Saturday, Aug. 3. All men's, boy's and children's straw hats that sold at 25 and 50 cents, sale price 15 cents. Men's \$10 suits now \$6.95. Children suits reduced one half regular worth. Children linen knee pants worth 35 cents, special for remainder of sale 15 cents. Mens and boys trousers at greatly reduced prices and lots of other bargains too numerous to mention. This sale will positively close Saturday, Aug. 3.

ADOLPH STEINWEDEL, Clothing Co.
alw-1-2d

S. S. Class Picnic.

About fifty members of the primary class of the First Baptist Sunday School with their teacher, Mrs. Viola Critcher, spent Thursday afternoon picnicing at the city park. The little folks had a delightful time with numerous games. Refreshments were enjoyed before returning home in the evening. Several young ladies of the Sunday School assisted Mrs. Critcher in entertaining the children.

Found Not Guilty.

The jury in the case of the State vs Dr. Warner on a charge of provoke, which case was tried before a Justice of the Peace at Crothersville Thursday, found the defendant not guilty. It was reported that the jury stood six to six on the first ballot. Judge John M. Lewis, of this city, was attorney for the defendant and Prosecuting attorney Oren O. Swails looked after the prosecution.

Improvements.

The fence which C. W. Milhous put up recently around the lot back of his drug store has just been painted which adds much to the appearance of the surroundings in that locality.

Mrs. Whitmer's brick building at the northwest corner of Third and Chestnut streets has just been given a new coat of paint.

There's a reason for that ache in your back right where it "stitches" every time you bend over, turn around or walk any distance. It's your kidneys. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are unequalled for backache, weak kidneys and inflammation of the bladder. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by all Druggists.

LOST—Rimless glasses in old fashioned spectacle case, between M. E. church and Masonic temple. Return here. a3d

Robt. Blaine and family, of Seymour, are spending this week here with relatives. Mrs. Ira Hass and daughter, Jane, of Seymour, are spending the week with Mrs. McGuire. Miss Emma Robinson, of Seymour, is here this week the guests of her sister, Mrs. E. G. McClure.—North Vernon Sun.

Prof. Thos. F. Fitzgibbon and family went to Medora yesterday to visit his mother for about ten days. He was recently chosen Supt. of the city schools of Columbus for three years.

Resolution Of W. R. C.

At the regular meeting of Ellsworth Womans Relief Corps the following resolutions were read on the death of sister Fannie Sharr.

In Memoriam of Ellsworth W. R. C. No. 183. Again has the fell destroyed been in our midst and claimed for his victim another one of our members, our beloved sister Fannie Sharr. And while we should bow submissively to the dispensation of divine providence we are desirous of expressing our deepest sympathy for those who feel the loss most keenly.

Therefore be it resolved that in her death this corps deplores the loss of a sister whose utmost endeavors were ever extended for the welfare and prosperity of our order. A friend and sister who was dear to use all. Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes and a copy be sent to the husband of our departed sister.

CHRISTENA MURPHY,
MARY BRIDGES,
RUTH BROWN,

Committee.

After the reading of the resolutions a short service was held in which the following ladies took part: Mrs. Meek, Mrs. Byrnes, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Love, read selections. Mrs. Critcher and Mrs. Bridges spoke a few words in praise of her life work. Mrs. Durham read a paper prepared in her memory. At the request of the husband a copy of the proceedings is printed in the daily papers. Seymour, Ind., Aug. 1, 1907.

Interurban News.

The Indianapolis and Louisville traction line is marking the street today for a turnout in front of W. H. Reynolds grocery store and the Union Hardware Company. The workmen are tearing up the streets across the Tipton street intersection this afternoon. The work of putting down the concrete base ready to lay the track along the brick streets was begun at Bruce street today. There will be a gravel and concrete base below the interurban very similar to that under the brick streets. The work will take some time but when it is down the company will have a good track and one which will not always be in need of repair. The work of leveling the grade through Langdon bottoms will far enough along in a few weeks for the work of laying the track and ballasting thereto proceed. The track is laid now from the south end of the line to a short distance below Crothersville and by the time it is laid on up to Retreat the grading work will be nearing completion. Then with the track laying and ballasting proceeding from both directions the work can be finished very rapidly.

Drug Store Closed.

The drug store of Clyde H. Nowlin at Crothersville was closed Monday he having made a voluntary assignment and Adam G. Ritz appointed Trustee. Mr. Nowlin went to Crothersville about two years ago from Indianapolis and worked for the Butts Drug Co. for some time when he started in business for himself in K. of P. building.

Pocket Book Found.

The bank book and pocket book belonging to a Greensburg man were found in a hay field on Mr. McMillan's farm near the North Vernon fair-ground this morning. They are in safe hands and will be turned over to the owner. There was no money in the pocket book when found.

Goes To Kalamazoo.

Dr. A. B. Chaffe, who was pastor of the First Baptist church of this city some year ago, has accepted the chair of history in the college at Kalamazoo, Michigan. He has been president of Bishop College at Marshall, Texas, the last few years.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are good for anyone who needs a pill. They are small, safe, sure little pills that do not gripe or sicken. Sold by all Druggists.

Alf Robbins has completed the work of painting the front of the Lauster building on W. Second street.

Frank Luke, of Cleveland, arrived in the city this morning and will remain here till Saturday, the guest of his uncle, Fred H. Heideman and family, of S. Walnut street.

Mrs. Thos. E. Sanders, of Nashville, Tenn., arrived last evening to visit her sister Mrs. J. O. White and other relatives.

A company of soldiers went through on a special coach attached to No. 11 this afternoon.

WHAT THE VOICE SAID AT EVENING.

Rest, life, and be still. The task of the day is done
What you have sown God trusts to the soil, the rain and the sun.
What you have dreamed is His thought of days that are yet to be.
What you have hoped He counts in the sheaves of eternity.

Rest, life, and be still. For you falls the night—sweet boon!
Truth lives in eternal day—like the sun, in eternal noon.
Touch, O soul, the soul of the infinite, patient God,
Who plants the seeds of the ages in the moment's moldering sod.

Rest, life and be still. God gave this sunset hour
That, watching, you might feel the peace of His quiet power.
In lights and colors of life no dusk of death can mar,
God paints this day in heaven, and over it hangs a star.
—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Lang's "I Told You So"

On his return from the village one afternoon, Daniel Lang entered the house with a preoccupied look on his face, which quickly vanished as he caught sight of his wife.

"Well, I declare, Maria," he exclaimed, "if I didn't forget all about that yarn! Never thought of it till this minute. And the gingham, too. It's too bad!"

After a search through his pockets he finally produced a much crumpled bit of cloth. "Here's the sample you gave me," he said, in a propitiatory tone, as if there might be some slight merit in having brought that back in safety.

"I told you so!" said Mrs. Lang. "Or, at any rate, I thought to myself when you started off that you'd forget more than you would remember. It was easy enough to see that your wits were wool-gathering all the time I was giving you your charges. I should think that you had been gone long enough, though, to do all your errands twice over."

"Well, you see," said Daniel, "I was tending to a little matter of business." "Business?" cried his wife. "I'll warrant you've gone into that petroleum, Daniel Lang! Just as I expected," she went on, as she read assent to her guess in his eyes. "I told you that man Rosencraft would inveigle you into that foolishness if you didn't look out."

"It isn't foolishness," protested Daniel. "It's an A No. 1 investment. Everybody knows that there's money in oil!"

"Money in oil!" scoffed Mrs. Lang. "Yes, for Rosencraft, no doubt! And the oil is all on his tongue. He's a smooth one. I told you, from the first—"

"Now, Maria, do be reasonable. Do you suppose that such men as Deacon Locke, and Squire Marks, and old Mr. Evans, that's as close as the bark to a tree, would let Rosencraft fool them, even if he wanted to? I tell you, they don't go into things with their eyes shut. They've investigated. Squire Marks has figured it out that those shares will pay from fifty to seventy-five per cent dividends the first year, and nobody knows how much after that. Why, they're struck oil already! Rosencraft had a bottle of it with him this afternoon, and he let me smell of it."

"Remember that patent churn, Daniel? And what I told you when you bought the county right for forty dollars? And how it came out?"

"Of course I do. You've reminded me of it twice a week on an average for the last ten years. But this is different. This isn't a speculation; it's a certainty."

"Now, Maria," he went on, coaxingly, "don't be offish. I'm doing this more on your account and Rosetta's than on my own. I want you to take some comfort as you get along in years, and I want Rosetta to have advantages. They say that every man has his chance once in his life, and this is mine."

"For the land sake, Daniel! You talk as if you were buying a whole well yourself. How much are you calculating to put in?"

"Well," said Daniel, avoiding his wife's steady gaze, "you see, Rosencraft had just fifteen shares left, and we got to bantering, and on the spur of the moment, so to speak, he offered 'em to me for an even thousand. He was sorry the minute I took him up, but it was too late."

A full minute passed before Maria found her voice. "A thousand dollars!" she gasped, at last. "A thousand dollars! Where is the money coming from?"

"Why, I'm going to borrow it of Mr. Evans—just for the time being."

"And mortgage the farm? O, Daniel, you don't mean it!"

"It isn't going to be one of these long-running mortgages," said Daniel, doggedly. "I can pay off quite a part of it before snow flies, and the balance next year. You don't seem to realize that the dividends will be coming in right away."

The discussion lasted for a long time, but with no effect on either side. "It's no use arguing with you, Daniel," said Mrs. Lang, finally, dropping her voice from the key to which it had been raised. "You are dead bewitched. But when you wake up some day to find that you've been swindled out of house and home, perhaps you will remember that I told you beforehand."

And having thus spoken, she left the room.

When Daniel brought the note and mortgage for his wife's signature the next day he was quite prepared to be met by further remonstrance, and perhaps refusal; but much to his relief she complied without a word, although the look on her face as she wrote her name under his on each of the two documents was certainly eloquent.

After Daniel had folded them and taken them away, so far as this particular subject was concerned, there was a silence in the Lang household that lasted for many a day.

It was different in the town at large. Wherever men congregated the talk was about petroleum, until it might have seemed that boring for oil up in Canada was Greenhill's leading home industry.

It must be nearly forty years now since the brief period of Mr. Rosencraft's activities in Greenhill, but that suave and engaging gentleman and the enterprise that he brought to the attention of many substantial citizens are even yet not wholly forgotten.

Late in the autumn Daniel Lang was "drawn on the jury," and consequently was absent from home for some days.

On the day that he was expected to return, Rosetta, the 14-year-old daughter of the house, came from an errand to the village with startling news.

"O, mother," she exclaimed, as she rushed into the house, "what do you think? Squire Marks and Deacon Locke got back from Canada yesterday. They had been up there to look after those oil wells, and it seems they didn't find the least sign of oil. They couldn't find Mr. Rosencraft, either, and now they say that the shares aren't worth the paper they are printed on. I guess everybody is pretty much stirred up about it. They say Mr. Evans takes it dreadfully hard, and talks about going to the poorhouse."

"I guess he won't go to the poorhouse at present," said Mrs. Lang, remembering a certain note that she had signed. She had grown very pale as she listened to the news, but she made no other comment.

"Mother," asked Rosetta, presently, "how much money has father lost?"

"He hasn't lost anything to speak of," was the reply. "I want you to remember that when you are away from home," added Mrs. Lang, significantly.

A little later she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "Wouldn't you like to spend the rest of the day with your cousin Addie? You haven't been there for some time. You may stay to supper if Aunt Emma invites you."

The girl was glad enough to escape from what she felt to be an atmosphere of trouble, and Mrs. Lang was left alone with her thoughts to await the coming of her husband, whom she expected on the stage at five o'clock.

In spite of her abstraction, she went about her preparations for the evening meal with more than usual care; and by five o'clock the supper table, in its company dress of snow-white cloth, china tea set and highly polished steel knives and forks, made a brave display of frosted cake, custards, quince preserves, and other more substantial dishes, while from the oven stole forth the aroma of "cream-of-tartar biscuits" almost ready to take their place at the feast.

The sound of wheels was heard, followed by the "Whoa!" of the stage-driver; and peering through the window, Mrs. Lang saw her husband walking slowly up the path, carpetbag in hand.

She met him at the door, and one glance at his face convinced her that he had heard the news.

"Why, how pale you are!" she cried, involuntarily.

"Yes," said he, "I'm completely broken up. This has been too much for me. I can hardly hold up my head."

Now was the time for Mrs. Lang's "I told you so," but as she looked at his haggard face the words, even if they were in her mind, died on her tongue.

"O Daniel," she implored, "don't take on about it! Keep up your courage, and we'll weather it yet."

"Oh, yes," said he, a little more cheerfully, "I presume I'll be all right by morning. You see, the jury couldn't agree on that last case, and they kept us out all night, and I never could stand being broken of my rest."

"Why, Daniel, haven't you heard what has happened?" asked Maria, in surprise. Then, in answer to his questioning look, she rapidly told the tale of the bursting of Greenhill's petroleum bubble.

"But don't you be downhearted," she said. "We are still young and have our health, and we'll pay off that mortgage, every cent. And, Daniel," she hurried on, "I don't blame you one bit. Smarter men than you got caught. And I don't forget that you went into this mostly for my sake and Rosetta's."

Daniel had listened at first in a dazed silence, but now a smile slowly broke over his face, and he was moved to speak. "It is kind of tough for those that were in it, no mistake, but I guess it doesn't concern me personally very much."

"What do you mean?" cried his wife, in amazement. "Tell me, did you really have sense enough to sell out?"

"I had sense enough not to buy in; that is, if you call it my sense," he replied, modestly. "Fast is, you were so set against it that I gave it up at the last minute. I was on my way to Mr. Evans' for the money when my courage failed me, and I tore up the note and mortgage, and went and told Rosencraft that I had backed out."

Mrs. Lang drew a long breath. "For goodness' sake, Daniel, why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, Maria," said he, hesitatingly, "that was the mean part of it, and I'm sorry enough now. But it was this way. I still had just about as much faith in those shares as ever, and I says to myself, 'She has always been coming at me with her 'I told you so,' and now I'll get even with her. I won't say a word about it till those dividends begin to roll in, and then when she wants to know why we don't get ours, I'll tell her it is because I followed her advice. Then I'll have my chance to say, 'I told you so!' for the rest of my natural life.' But I'm terribly ashamed of it now, especially considering how you took it when you thought I'd lost the money. I ask your forgiveness, Maria."

But Maria would not allow her husband all the penitence.

"I know I've been too fault-finding at times," she said, "but I'm going to do better. For one thing," she added, smiling through her tears, "I'll try not to say 'I told you so' again as long as I live."

They sat down to supper, and Daniel, as he availed himself of the "good home cooking," soon declared that he felt like a new man. "I can't help thinking, though," he said, "about the people that went into that oil speculation. To be sure, those that lost the most are the ones best able to lose. I guess I was the only one foolish enough to think of mortgaging his farm. Strange," he mused, "that that Rosencraft, pleasant-spoken chap he was, should have turned out to be such a sharper."

"Well, you remember I—" began Mrs. Lang; but she stopped short.

"Yes, Maria," said Daniel, with a chuckle, as he broke open another fluffly biscuit, "I'll own up—you told me so."—Youth's Companion.

Costly Walls.

When the Spaniards built the city of Panama to be the great port of their Pacific commerce, they put round it walls which they expected to save them from raiders of all sorts. Although these walls were built by natives forced to work almost for nothing, they cost, says Mr. Forbes-Lindsay, not less than eleven million dollars.

The King of Spain, the story goes, looked wearily and long one day out of the westerly windows of his palace. One of his ministers inquired the reason for his apparent anxiety.

"I am looking," said the king, "for those costly walls of Panama. They ought to be visible even at this distance."

Infrequent Occasions.

"You must try to love your papa," said the visitor, "as much as he loves you."

"Oh, I love him more!" replied Tommy.

"Indeed? Doesn't your papa love you very much?"

"Not much. He says he only loves me when I'm good."—Philadelphia Press.

A Vast Supply.

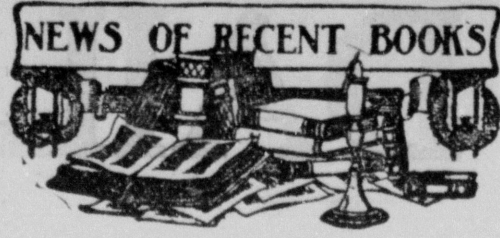
"Solomon was the wisest man," remarked the student.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "he couldn't help being wise with so many wives to give him advice."—Washington Star.

The Old Order Changes.

The old Scots Parliament decreed that "golf and football shall be utterly cryt dune," and to-day the Scots Parliament does not exist, while football and golf have inherited the earth.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS



It is not generally known that there exists the unpublished manuscript of a story written by Charlotte Brontë, says Putnam's Monthly. It was written when she was in her teens, and although a youthful production it is not without interest. Mrs. Gaskell alludes to it in her Life of Charlotte Brontë, and quotes a passage from the introduction, but the story itself has never been published. The manuscript is now owned by a gentleman in this city who may be induced to publish it at some future day. This same gentleman is the owner of the manuscript of an unpublished love poem written by Tenyson to his wife.

Arthur Heming, whose first book, "Spirit Lake," has just been published, has to his credit the discovery of a new field in fiction. Spirit Lake is in the Canadian Northwest, in the rich hunting country which is now one of the chief centers of the fur trade. The agents of the fur company who have spent their lives in this region dealing with the Indian hunters are almost the last survivors of the old hardy race of pioneers. The Indians, with whom they are in constant association, are still unaffected by too close contact with civilization, and preserve all their primitive customs and traits. Mr. Heming has spent many years of his life among those people; he has been adopted into the Indian tribes and has accompanied them on their hunting expeditions. Effective as the story itself are the illustrations which Mr. Heming has supplied. Already well known as an illustrator, he is said to have put his best work into these pictures.

William Frend DeMorgan, author of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short"—son of Augustus DeMorgan, the mathematician, and grandson, great-grandson and great-great-grandson respectively of three officers in the old East India Company's service—was educated at University College, Gower street, London, and began to study as an artist in 1858; became student of Royal Academy in 1859; practiced the arts and crafts in some form or other early in the present century, when he wrote the beginning of "Joseph Vance," to see if he had a turn for fiction. He decided in the negative, but his wife found the MS. and made him finish it. The pottery and tile works known as DeMorgan ware were begun in 1872 (if not earlier), and twenty years later Mr. DeMorgan published all the particulars of the luster process, that was one of its most interesting features. In his opinion secrets have as little to do with success in the arts generally as pigments and vehicles have to do with the particular art of painting. The tile manufacture has only recently terminated, and it is not now even certain that it may not be revived, as its extinction was not due to ordinary commercial failure. In fact, three months ago it was thought likely it would continue. However, at the present moment there is no doubt that Mr. DeMorgan and Daniel Defoe are the only two British novelists who have had to give up a tile-making business under compulsion.

SELF-DENYING LOYALTY.

Long-Continued Sacrifice of a Fine Old Gentleman.

"The first of the season, from our garden," said Mr. Brower, presenting a basket of strawberries to Julie. "I've divided the morning harvest with you." "How delicious they look with the dew still on them!" exclaimed Julie. "Thank you so much! Now I won't have to make the pudding I was just going to stir up."

"You are getting famous, Miss Julie, for your cooking. Mrs. Brower tells me your pies and cakes were the most delicious of any served at the missionary lunch party. When I heard about them I was sorry that I didn't belong to the Ladies' Guild myself."

"I wish you did," said Julie, laughing. "We need some men to liven up the meetings."

As she watched the courtly old gentleman cross the lawn to his garden she said to herself, "Bless his heart, he shall have a chance this very day to test my cookery!" Then straightway she set about making a lemon-cream pie, and before supper carried it to her neighbor's house; and in its delicacy of color and symmetry of form it seemed a real work of art to the girlish cook.

"For Mr. Brower," she said, as she handed the confection in at the door and then ran away, modestly wishing to escape the enthusiastic thanks she proudly thought due for such a beautiful production.

The next morning Mrs. Brower called and expressed the appreciation of Mr. Brower and herself for the gift in what appeared to Julie a somewhat perfunctory manner.

"Did you eat it at tea last night? That kind of dessert is always better if fresh."

"I ate some, but Mr. Brower—you see—well, June, I didn't mean to tell, but he doesn't eat lemon pie." Mrs. Brower laughed, and Julie joined her, although it was a disappointment to know that her offering was not acceptable to her old friend.

Later in the day Mr. Brower strolled over and sat down on the kitchen porch beside June, who was shelling peas.

"I was awfully sorry to hear that

you didn't eat any of the lemon pie," she began at once, "for I wanted to give you something especially nice, and all the family say that is the best thing I make."

A whimsical smile spread over Mr. Brower's kindly face.

"I didn't have an opportunity to taste it. It looked most inviting, and I should have liked to try it."

Julie looked mystified, and Mr. Brower went on drolly:

"My dear Miss Julie, I am going to tell you a secret, and you must never betray my confidence. When Mrs. Brower and I first went to house-keeping she surprised me with a lemon pie. O Julie, such a pie! I tried to eat it, but I couldn't, and when she assumed that my dislike was not particular, but general, I couldn't bear to hurt her feelings, so I allowed her to believe that I didn't like any lemon pie, and for forty years I have never eaten a mouthful of that most toothsome dessert. So far as lemon pie is concerned, my life has been one long self-denial. You see 'what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive.'"

Julie's laugh rang out merrily.

"Come into the house now and have a piece. I made two yesterday, and part of ours is still left. I do want you to have some at last."

"I'd like to, dear Miss Julie, and I thank you just as much, but perhaps you will understand when I say it wouldn't seem loyal to the dear lady over the way."

He bowed over Julie's hand and took his leave, and she watched him go with shining eyes.—Youth's Companion.

AN UNEXPECTED QUESTION.

It is only the half-instructed who are not open to conviction. The more deeply learned the person, the more ready is he to receive information, no matter how modest the hands that offer it. The genuine man of science is the truly humble man; his watchword is "to know," not to insist on personal deduction. An illustration of this truth is given in a memoir of Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, in a collection of "Berkshire Historical Papers."

At a large meeting of the Teachers' Institute in Pittsfield, the Hon. Horace Mann gave a lecture on astronomy, which was listened to with great delight by the audience.

The lecturer spoke of the apparent movement of the sun as going west until it reached the highest point, then stopping for a moment before it began its descent.

He likened the motion to that of an apple thrown into the air, which experiences a moment of halting when its ascent is retarded and before its return has begun. When the talk was over, Mr. Mann asked if there were any questions to be asked.

A young man rose from his seat—a plainly dressed country lad who had learned to use his own wits. He said that he would like to ask the lecturer if the illustration just given would not be more accurate if the comparison had been to an apple thrown over a house. In that case the object would experience a moment when it ceased to go higher, although it would not cease to go.

A profound silence greeted the young man's daring remark. Then one of the board of trustees rose and severely rebuked the lad for venturing to criticize one of the country's best-known scholars, finishing his rebuff by the crushing remark:

"I hope he will be wiser when he is older!"

Here Governor Briggs stood erect. "I am not sure but the young man is right," he announced.

Mr. Mann stepped forward. "His illustration is better than mine," he said, "and I thank him for it. That young man will make a good teacher, for he is apt in illustration."

The next day Governor Briggs sought out the youthful questioner, inquired into his circumstances, and made it possible for him to take the college course which he desired.

A Difficult Subject.

When Mrs. Hanson entered the photographer's shop, her small son held in a firm grasp, there was a look of determination on her face which showed it was no time for trifling.

"Now see here," she said, swinging the reluctant James Henry into prominence from the position he had selected behind her skirts, "this boy has got to have a picture taken to send to his grandfather that he's named for, and I expect you to do it."

"Certainly, madam," said the photographer, blandly. "Now what style—" "I don't expect any style at all," announced the mother of James Henry, pulling him up from the floor to a half-kneeling attitude. "If you can just get his features into the camera, that's all I expect."

"There was a traveling tintype man came to our town last spring. He took two dozen of me for a breakfast and supper and two dozen of father for his night's lodging, and three dozen of little Emma Jane for the next day's dinner. But after he'd had one try at James Henry he said that unless father had a good half-worn suit of clothes to let go, he couldn't undertake to secure a likeness of the boy, and he'd rather be moving on."

A Large Job.

Cholly—The dentist had a terrible time filling my tooth.

Sarcasms—Probably the cavity extended right up into your head.—Smart Set.

Old Favorites

The Exile's Song.

Oh! why left I my home?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I cannot get a blink
O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings.
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lee,
Nor hear the liltle's sang
O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Among the yellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wall of slavery;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.
—Robert Gilfillan.

The Rosebush.

A Child sleeps under a rosebush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air,
Sweetly it rests and on dream-wings flies
To play with the angels in Paradise.
And the years glide by.

A Maiden stands by the rosebush fair,
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With Love's first wonderful rapture blest.
And the years glide by.

A Mother kneels by the rosebush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rosebush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound.
And the years glide by.
—From the German.

LOST RIVERS.

Lost in the streets of London, lost beyond all help of police or town crier! There is something weird in the very words, "lost rivers." Something suggestive of caverns and of the dark and, incidentally, of treasure. In the cases of these departed streams there are caverns and dark and treasure truly enough, but the rivers have gone for ever, choked up by the great overbearing city which knows no check in its mighty growth. In Mr. Heckethorn's "London Souvenirs" there is a description of some of the waterways which that town has brought to naught.

In the ancient days numerous rivers rivulets and brooks ran through the land now paved so closely, and crossed and recrossed by streets and subways. Some of those rivers of the past were so large as to cause serious inundation. Now they have totally disappeared and men walk easily on asphalt pavements instead of picking their way over stepping-stones or crossing small foot-bridges.

In digging London cellars shovels often uncover evidences not only of land but of water life. In 1595 a man excavating at Cheapside, fifteen feet below the pavement, came on the channel of a brook on the bank of which was a "tree sawed into five steps so that one could step over the same brook." In 1884 a river channel was uncovered, with an ancient landing stage of mosaic pavement.

Laying the foundations of the National Safe Deposit Building brought to light at the depth of forty feet the ancient course of the Wellbrook, in the bed of which was found an enormous quantity of broken crockery and kitchen utensils—evidence that the careless cook or maid of English Rome had ways of concealment not unlike those of to-day. The banks of the Wellbrook were favorite sites for fashionable villas.

The River Fleet formed an important part of London topography. Extensive gardens ran down to the river's edge. Old bridges and piers have been discovered; ancient wharves and anchors, all hidden under the hurry and stir of modern and dry London.

Leaves the Straight Road.

An Indian Territory editor was running the motto "We tell the truth" at the head of his paper. The other day, however, he was compelled to encounter several gentlemen who objected to the truth being told and, as a consequence, the motto disappeared and the following was inserted: "Until we recover from the injuries recently received this paper will lie just like the rest of them."—Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.

Cart.

Ascum—Rimer is a very clever poet, is he not?
Wrynell—Yes, he is not.—Philadelphia Press.

Every man has a promising future, but few succeed in catching up with it.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

NO WORTHLESS LAND.

It is rather late in the day for the German opponents of the colonial policy to raise the cry that the imperial colonies are worthless. There is no such thing as worthless land. Neither history nor science gives us any warrant for declaring that the human race shall not some day turn every acre of the land surface to good account. The new agricultural science of dry farming is to-day supplementing irrigation in the reclamation of tens of thousands of acres in the "Great American Desert" of the old maps. At the German settlements on Victoria Nyanza, under the equatorial sun, they have found a way to raise every month in the year practically all the vegetables of Europe in the highest perfection. The French have found that a well yielding a thousand quarts of water a minute assures the irrigation of five thousand date palms. They are tapping underground sources in the Sahara. Of the wells they drilled in 1905, only one failed to bring water, more than one-third are yielding from 1,000 to 8,500 quarts a minute, the others are yielding substantial quantities, and they are creating new and fruitful oases in the desert. Twenty years ago the first explorer of Mashonaland wrote that he could see nothing there to attract European enterprise. To-day railways cross the country, hundreds of white farmers and miners are thriving, schools have been opened for young hopefuls of British parentage, and apple and grain harvests are garnered every year. We may trust our race, in the long run, to find a use for every neglected corner of the world. When these regions are needed in the scheme of human progress, human skill and perseverance will turn the waste places into utilities. —New York Sun.

CORPORATIONS AND THE PUBLIC.

WITHIN recent years, almost within recent months, the attitude of some of the great corporations toward the public has changed. The men in charge who came in contact with the people used to give the impression that they did not care what any one thought of the way their business was done. In effect they said, "The money is ours, the property is ours, and we can do what we wish with it." It is needless to remind ourselves that this is a mistaken view, not only for managers of corporations, but for men who have only their wages and families to manage. Every man and every corporation, which is but an aggregation of men, have obligations to the community. The man must respect the rights of his neighbors. If he does not he is punished in some way. Many of the corporations have acted as if those with whom they dealt had no rights which they were bound to respect. Events are making it clear to them that they are part of the complex social organization, and amenable to the laws that demand fair play. This is a wholesome change. It is needless to speculate how much of it is due to the decisions of the courts that an officer of a corporation may not refuse to disclose

corporation methods on the witness stand and how much to an awakened sense of public responsibility. It is also useless to wonder whether the old "insolence of corporations" was merely the insolence of subordinates clothed with a little brief authority, who felt themselves responsible to their employers and not to the public.

That which is of importance is the growth of a proper and wholesome respect for the people at large and the dawning of a realization that every institution in the country is bound with indissoluble bonds to every other institution. —Youth's Companion.

RISE OF THE TROLLEY.

LAST year about 6,000,000,000 passengers traveled by trolley in the United States, which is four or five times as many as used steam cars. An average of 17,000,000 trolley fares are collected daily in the country, and a third of a million employees are connected with electric transportation. The business is comparatively new, and is an illustration of the swiftness with which fresh adjustments of American industry can rise. Though 260 miles of horse car lines and 240 miles of cable lines are still operated, they are looked upon as curiosities that have been belated, and will disappear as soon as the traffic is put in the best shape.

The trolley is developing in traction lines as well as in city and suburban traffic, and this is one of its most important phases. It makes its way quietly, but eventually combines its sections, and may be said to have a future as broad as any State or region, or the continent itself. A line recently admitted by St. Louis keeps extending itself over Illinois, and is an object of interest in adjacent States. When it is seen that billions are now accommodated by the trolley, its utility in the daily business of the masses can be realized. Forces at work in the railroad situation are modifying and familiarizing it more than rate or any other form of legislation. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE HANDICAP OF DRINK.

ANY railroad companies and other large corporations refuse to take men into their service who drink intoxicating liquors. They cannot afford, they say, to have their business depending on men who are unreliable, and men who habitually or occasionally drink too much are properly regarded as unreliable. The only safe way is to employ men who are sober all the time, and to discharge them when they cease to be so, and this is the basis upon which the world's important business is now being conducted. The man who has the alcohol habit may keep sober for weeks or perhaps months, but his employer never knows, and usually he never knows himself, what day he may fall to show up at the shop or office on account of being in an unfit condition to appear there. The victim of such habits is deserving of pity or sympathy, perhaps, but he is an unsatisfactory employee and few business concerns nowadays will tolerate him. —Kansas City Journal.

LAY EGGS BY LANTERN LIGHT.

Hens Acquired Habit by Mistake and Kept It Up.

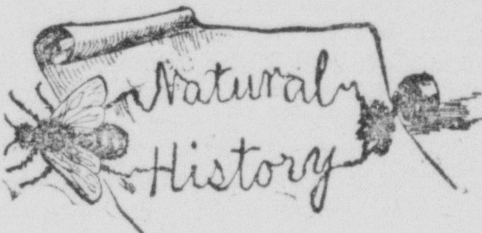
Hiram Scott believes he has solved the vexatious problem of making hens lay eggs when they don't want to, says the McKeever (N. Y.) correspondent of the New York World. If he has, a road to wealth is open to farmers, for there are times in the winter when eggs are worth 45 cents a dozen. He certainly made his biddies come to the scratch and profited thereby.

The discovery was largely due to accident, but if Mr. Scott hadn't been an observing kind of man he would still be minus the great secret. One night last winter when his hens couldn't be coaxed to perform their duty, he left a lantern hanging in his henhouse and forgot it. Next morning he was shocked to find the light still burning, for the lantern had little oil in it and might have blown up. Such things have happened.

But the farmer had a greater surprise in store for him. All the hens cackled and in their nests were a dozen fine white eggs. It was plain that twelve of the eighteen hens had laid in the night and as they hadn't accomplished such a feat in a month he judged the lantern had something to do with it. Whether it was the added warmth or the rays of light he didn't know, but it was plain that the eggs had been laid.

Next night the lantern, well filled with oil, was left in the same place and more eggs were laid. The following night the lantern was not lighted and not an egg greeted Mr. Scott's gaze in the morning. It having thus been established that the hens wouldn't lay except under artificial light, the lantern was thereafter provided.

Mr. Scott says that his hens are dopey daytimes and sleep most of the period between sunrise and sunset, but that they appear healthy and robust.



I took a large spider from his web under the basement of a mill, put him on a chip of wood, and set him afloat on the quiet waters of the pond. He immediately began to cast a web for the shore. He threw it as far as possible in the air with the wind. It soon reached the shore and made fast to the spires of grass. Then he turned himself about and in true sailor fashion began to haul in hand over hand his cable. Carefully he drew upon it until his bark began to move toward shore.

As it moved the faster he the faster drew upon it to keep his hawser taut, and from touching the water. Soon he reached the shore and quickly sped his way homeward. I tried several spiders and they all came to shore in like manner.

I called a kitten that sprang from her basket where she had been lying with her mother, and it followed me into the next room. The cat followed, and, taking it up by the neck, replaced it in the basket. Again I called the kitten and again it came at my call. Again the mother followed us, but this time she seized the kitten by the tail instead of the neck, evidently as a punishment, and pulled it roughly along, the kitten mewing helplessly.

For a third time I called, and once more the kitten came to me, but this time the mother took up the kitten, dragged it off, and then began to bite it again and again in order to secure its obedience. This method was successful, and the next time I called it was in vain.

The baker left some rolls on the back porch early each morning and for some time there had been two or three missing. The baker insisted that he always left the same number, and it was a mystery who or what took them. Mac, the collier, was thought to be above suspicion.

One day, however, my cousin, sitting at a window, saw Mac enter the front gate, followed by several dogs, and, fearing they might injure her garden, she went out. There she beheld Mac digging up a number of the lost rolls, and, more amazing still, he sat by and watched his friends devour them, and was evidently pleased and satisfied with the results of his charitable act.

Her Answer.

"Now, children," said the kindergarten teacher, "I have explained to you how many trees give us food, in the way of fruit, and in other ways. You remember that I said man taps the maple trees to get maple syrup. Where does tapioca come from, then?" "I guess," said Olive, after a pause, "that you tap the oaks, don't you?" —Judge.

Fact and Fiction.

"Don't you think," said the fox terrier to the author, "that all the narratives about me ought to come under the head of 'Short Stories'?"

"Why that name?" asked the author. "Because," replied the terrier, "as a breed we are all examples of abbreviated tails." —Baltimore American.

Its Awakening.

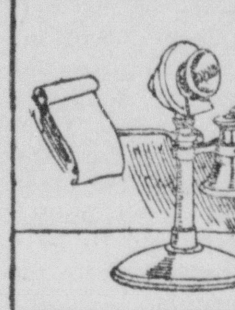
She (sentimentally)—Love is a dream—that never goes wrong. He (brutally)—Yes, and marriage is an alarm clock that never gets out of order. —Baltimore American.

A mysterious woman is like a loaded gun: Mighty dangerous to handle



Paper at the Telephone.

Persons making frequent use of the telephone are called upon constantly to jot down names and addresses, and



it almost invariably happens that the means of doing this is not at hand, just when they should be, and considerable time is lost and inconvenience results from the efforts to get the necessary material together. Pads have been provided, but experience has shown that these are invariably empty when they are most desired, therefore, they are not to be relied upon. The illustration shown herewith is that of a magazine device which is charged with a roll of paper and containing a large quantity it is not so infrequently exhausted as the smaller pads. Besides this, it is possible to secure a sheet of any length by pulling the end out as desired. The apparatus is fastened to the telephone in a convenient position for writing and a smooth, clean surface is presented for the pencil. When the writing is finished the end is pulled out, and torn off, thus bringing another clean surface into place.

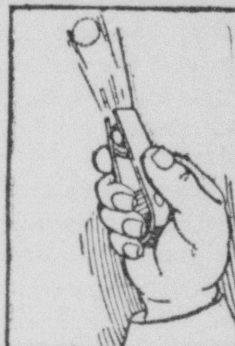
The Hose Nozzle.

The hose is now a household essential, and where it is put to the use of watering the garden in addition to other duties imposed upon it, it is desirable that it should be supplied with a sprinkling attachment. The usual manner of accomplishing this is by means of a thread and a couple of turns of the two parts of the nozzle, the stream is transformed from a solid jet to a spray. It is often desirable to make this change a number of times while using the hose and while the operation of making the transformation seems simple enough it is somewhat of a bother. The solid jet is ruinous if applied to the lawn or

garden, as its force digs up the soil and the body of water carries it off. A very simple attachment has been recently invented by which the stream from a plain nozzle may be exchanged at will into a spray with the least possible amount of labor, with no loss of time and with no possibility of any accidents resulting from the efforts of the operator to make this change. The new apparatus consists of a fan-shaped blade mounted by means of a hinge attachment to the body of the nozzle. The blade has a portion extending back to a point which is convenient to the operator. This blade is normally held away from the stream, but a slight pressure in the rear extension brings it instantly in contact with the stream and breaks it up into the desired spray. Upon being released the blade is carried away from the stream and the water emerges in an unbroken body.

Marble Snapper.

It would hardly be expected that there would be any necessity of a machine to help the small boy to play,



but such a device has been brought out by an inventor and it is shown in the accompanying cut. It is a contrivance to shoot marbles and thus the small boy's fingers are saved from injury resulting from overwork. MARBLE SNAPPER. The device is of such size as to fit nicely in the hand and it is comprised mainly of a pair of blades between which the marble is held. One of the blades is of flexible material, and upon the exertion of a certain amount of pressure, the marble is shot from the device as if projected from a gun. It has been a sad handicap for the small boy that at the opening of the marble season he has not been able to play marbles more than four or five hours per day until his hands got in trim from practice, but with the use of the new toy such training is not at all necessary. He will be able to play marbles for the whole twenty-four hours if not interrupted by his thoughtless and inconsiderate parents who insist that he go to bed for a spell.

WAS A REAL HERO.

But San Francisco's Mayor Plundered City He Had Aided.

Eugene F. Schmitz, Mayor of San Francisco, in prison for blackmailing dives in the city of which he was the chosen ruler and with other indictments hanging over his head, which may keep him in jail the better part of his life, was a real hero in the fearful period following the earthquake and conflagration of April 18, 1906. Men who had exorcised Schmitz for the vile rottenness into which the government of the city had been allowed to sink under his corrupt rule were tempted to forgive him because of his unselfish, tireless, efficient and wonderful labors in the days following the dreadful catastrophe. More to him than any one else was given the credit, even by his enemies, of infusing into the people of the prostrated city the determination to build out of the ruins a finer and greater San Francisco than the one destroyed.

In that period of stress Schmitz displayed qualities of mind and heart which converted enemies into friends. For a time it looked as if Schmitz had reformed genuinely and for all time. He seemingly cut loose from the vicious ring of associates which had made the old San Francisco a stench in the nostrils of the respectable residents. In that period of hope the best men of San Francisco, who had long avoided Schmitz, became his associates and advisers. He was even tendered a banquet as a mark of the new esteem in which he was held.

But the reform of Schmitz proved transitory. Out of the ruins of the city emerged the "Municipal Crib." Before the earthquake the "Municipal Crib" was one of the ulcers of the vice-infested city. It was the most notorious den and the most profitable of its kind in the town. It yielded a revenue estimated at \$800 a day. It was practically a corporation the stockholders being the men who controlled the government of San Francisco. Schmitz was said to be a considerable stockholder, being represented in the wretched undertaking by his brother.

It was the reappearance of the "Municipal Crib" and the general suspicion that Schmitz was one of the chief beneficiaries of the vile institution that caused his new friends to run from him with horror and institute a campaign to purge the city of its Mayor and all his associates in the wild orgy of marketing vice and crime. Schmitz was not worth a dollar when

he entered local politics in 1901 and won out as Mayor. To-day he is rated as a millionaire. So also is his right bower, Abe Ruef. The money-making activities of the two men are said to have included more forms of graft than ever before disgraced an American city. It was not until the expiration of his first term and he had been re-elected that the public began to suspect that Schmitz was a beneficiary of the huge grafting machines which spread over the city and controlled every department of the municipal government. There were investigations from time to time, but the investigators, like those being investigated, were members of the Schmitz club and no damaging findings ever resulted.

The license to practice every variety of crime and vice was practically auc-



AUGUST RUEF.

tioned to the highest bidder. A determined effort was made to beat Schmitz in the election of November, 1905, but the power of the Schmitz machine, directed by Abe Ruef, won the day, and then the riot of license and graft broke out with renewed frenzy. The condition of the city was rotten to the core when the earthquake and fire came on April 18, 1906, and all but wiped San Francisco out of existence.

Two of a Kind.

"Well, Perkins," said the eminent personage, who was now an invalid, "who is it wishes to see me now, my biographer?"

"No, sir," replied the butler, "your physician."

"Ah! Perkins, almost the same thing. He's at work upon my life, too." —Philadelphia Press.

Microscopic.

"Thought you said you were a mind reader?" said the caller.

"So I am," replied the professor.

"Well, why do you hesitate? Why don't you read my mind?"

"I'm searching for it." —Yonkers Statesman.

Strawberry's Origin.

Where Eperies, the picturesque Hungarian town, is now surrounded by beautiful gardens and fruited fields, there was at the time of King Bela II nothing but thick wilderness. Once this blind and unhappy sovereign was traveling in his realm. It was a warm, hot, sultry summer day, and while searching for a shady spot in which to rest he became lost. Dead tired in consequence of his long wandering, he asked his attendants for a drink of water. They seated him on the soft, green grass in the cool shade of big old trees, and then the cavaliers separated to hunt for a refreshing spring.

Meanwhile, the king wanted to find out more about his resting place, and began to grope about him with his hands. Thus he discovered strawberries growing all about him, says the New York Herald. He ate them; so, partly quenching his thirst, he waited quietly for his gentlemen. After a short time they returned, some with empty cups, some with pearly spring water.

The king then said to his attendants: "Have the trees cut down around this place where my hands found the refreshing strawberries. Here shall arise a town whose name shall be Eperies (strawberry) in remembrance of this day, for all time."

As the king commanded, so it was. The wilderness was cleared, and in its place is a town whose arms carry the strawberry even to-day.

A New Order of Things.

Shortly after the railway companies abolished the pass privilege a certain United States Senator, who had held his office many years, and had carried a pass all that time, boarded a train for Washington. He had forgotten to provide himself with the necessary ticket. Presently the conductor came along. He was one of the oldest men on the line, and the Senator, who had made many a trip with him before, cordially extended his hand.

"How are you, Gregory?" he said.

"First-rate, Senator," answered the conductor. "Glad to see you looking so well."

"Thank you, Greg. But why are you offering me your left hand?"

"Because I don't want my left hand to know what my right hand is doing?"

"What is your right hand doing?"

"It's reaching for your fare, Senator," said the conductor, extending it with a grim smile.

Unusual.

"I understand she possesses a marvelous memory."

"She certainly does. She can remember what trumps are every time." —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Literal.

"Well, what do you think of our rogues' gallery exhibit?"

"I call it a 'bum' show." —Baltimore American.



"She's chasin' around with Phil O'Brien now," concluded the motorman's young friend, opening a package of cigarettes and lighting one.

"That's the way they are," observed the motorman, philosophically.

"They ain't all like that," remonstrated the young man.

"Ain't they?" asked the philosopher. "You must have met some of 'em I ain't acquainted with, then. I ain't seen 'em all, not to take particular notice; I'm only judgin' from the forty or fifty I've got mixed up with. There wasn't no difference in any of them that I ever seen. That son-of-a-gun wouldn't turn out for nothin'. He's got good ash left to drive on, but that ain't smooth enough for him, an' he wouldn't be blockin' nothin'. Hey, you! You in front of them lop ears!"

"He's deaf," remarked the young man with the cigarette. "He's a turnin' out now," he added. "Sure enough, do you think they're all like that?"

The motorman jerked his lever to increased speed and shoved the end gate of the obstructing wagon as he passed it before he replied, "No, they ain't all like that. Some of 'em's worse."

"An' some's better," said the young man.

"No, they ain't none of 'em better. Don't know their own minds, most of 'em, an' the rest ain't got no minds. They see a feller an' they think he's all right an' they start out to make a crush, an' then as soon as they git him they throw him down, same as sho done you. That's what. They'll flag any guy that comes along, an' if he's young an' foolish they'll make him believe he's got all the others faded to a light yellow. They'll let him blow himself for all there is a-goin' if he don't he's a cheap skate, an' she ain't got no use for him, an' if he does he's a easy mark, an' it's doin' him a kindness to work him to a finish. You never ketch 'em without a lemon in their clo'es."

"I know that's the way with some of 'em."

"You'll know that's the way with others afore you git through. It's a picnic for them. They want a new feller every time they change their shirt waists. They just want to string as many as they can, that's what they

want. You know how to beat the races?"

"If I did, I'd quit working," said the young man.

"Don't play 'em," said the motorman. "That's the only way to beat 'em. Same with the girls. They've got you skinned to death from the start. It's a skinch. Nothin' to it. They've got the judges fixed. They think it's sport to jolly a feller along an' when he gets stuck on 'em take up with the next willie boy with a red necktie that comes their way. The worse you're gone the better they like to give you the worst of it. The only way to keep 'em is to keep 'em guessin'."

"You seem to have got 'em down fine," said the young man.

The motorman smiled. "I've had experience," he said.

"Must ha' got stung yourself a lot?"

"Not me. I treat them the same way they would me if I give 'em a chance. They're all alike, so cheer up."

"It don't worry me any," said the young man. "There's a plenty more. But I don't believe they're all that way. There's one I'll bet ain't." —Chicago Daily News.

Human Ambition.

Talkin' 'bout the weather, An' talkin' 'bout the crops,

Talkin' 'bout the tariff, too. The talk that never stops;

Talkin' 'bout the riches Another man has made,

Talkin' 'bout our chances, If we hadn't been afraid;

Talkin' 'bout election, And a candidate,

Talkin' harder every day, From early morn till late;

Talkin' to your neighbor In an easy tone,

Tellin' things by telegraph Or by telephone.

For his turn at talkin' Everybody strives;

Conversation seems to be The object of our lives.

—Washington Star.

No Dullness Here.

"Pa," said Little Willie, looking up from his book, "what is a 'comatose' state?"

"Well, my son," replied Willie's pa, "just at present there isn't a single comatose state in the union; all bustling and prosperous." —Philadelphia Press.

THE REPUBLICAN

JAY C. SMITH } Editors and Publishers
EDW. A. REMY }

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1907

The mayor of Columbus has decided to put the lid on his town despite the fact that the water supply there is not fit to drink.

NO ONE person is to have things altogether his own way in any community or in any one family, for that matter, but it requires a good deal of time for some persons to find it out.

THERE were ten thousand more births than deaths in Indiana in 1906 says a report to the State Board of Health. Well, there was never a better state to be born in and never a better time for it, except 1907.

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS will be elected United States Senator from Mississippi, having defeated Governor Vardaman in the primary about three to one. Williams has been the democratic floor leader in the lower house of congress the last few years.

THE anti-protection newspapers and politicians talk about the Dingley law exactly as they talked about the McKinley law in 1892. If they were given a chance for revision as they were then what assurance have we that they would not make a similar botch of it?

GEO. B. LOCKWOOD, editor of the Marion Chronicle, has been appointed secretary to Vice President Fairbanks, a position that pays \$4,000 a year. Mr. Lockwood is a capable man and will fill this place with credit. His friends over the state congratulate him.

THE state railroad commission has a good deal to do besides considering rates. It must inspect the railroads, for instance. Inspectors are sent out and must make daily reports. These inspectors must not only inspect, examine "all main tracks, side tracks, connections, culverts, bridges, trestles and tunnels, but railroad employees also as to the efficiency of the service.

THE dispatches say that no life insurance company is making special contracts or issuing predated policies in Indiana. This gets at the heart of life insurance abuses, and when the auditor of state or a republican administration succeeds in removing this "bane of the life insurance business," then another step forward has been taken that nobody had much reason to predict a year ago. But there are a thousand other instances of progress that have occurred in the last year and naturally no one of them receives so much general attention as it would have commanded a few years ago.

Will Hold Meeting.

Elder Harley Jackson, of Seymour, will commence a series of meetings at the Christian church here Tuesday evening Aug. 5. Every one invited to attend and hear the worthy preacher.—Crothersville Herald.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mother, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve tonic, adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments. Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

SECRETARY TO FAIRBANKS

George B. Lockwood May Hold This Position Permanently.

Indianapolis, Aug. 2.—An announcement from Washington today that Colonel George B. Lockwood, publisher of the Marion Chronicle, has been appointed private secretary to Vice-President Fairbanks, was partially confirmed by him. "I am temporarily acting as the vice-president's private secretary," said Colonel Lockwood, "but I have not permanently accepted the position. I am not disposed to accept any appointment that will take me away from my home interests." Colonel Lockwood is one of the well-known figures in Indiana politics although he is but thirty-five years old. He was private secretary to Major Steele of Marion for several years while the latter represented the Eleventh district in congress. He is an author and writer of much ability, and his appointment is said to be a source of much satisfaction to the vice-president's lieutenants.

The railroad commission has issued a warning to shippers who overload the cars assigned to them. One shipper in southern Indiana, whose name was not disclosed at the commission's office, complained because a railroad company made demurrage charges because he had overloaded a car. The commission replied that no shipper should load a car in excess of the capacity printed on the sides. The commission said that it is the duty of the shipper not to trespass on the regulations of the railroads as to the amount of freight each car may carry. The commission warned the shipper that the overloading of the cars is not only unfair, but it endangers the lives of trainmen and increases the liability of wrecks. The action of the railroad in making the extra demurrage charges was sustained.

The state board of charities has just made public a bulletin showing the cost of maintenance of the various state institutions during the past six months. The total was \$899,249.31, which was \$42,684.64 more than for the first six months of last year. The increased cost in maintaining the institutions was due largely to an increase in the enrollment. Seven institutions showed an increased attendance. The per capita cost of maintaining the inmates of the southern hospital at Evansville was \$94.60 for the 660 inmates. The average per capita cost at the central hospital here was \$97.97; for the eastern hospital at Richmond, \$91.30; for the northern hospital at Logansport, \$79.75. The per capita cost for maintaining the inmates of the school for the blind here was \$188.50. The deaf and dumb inmates cost the state \$141.52 each.

U. B. Hunt, chairman of the state railroad commission, states that there is no friction between the members of the commission and Attorney-General Bingham over the question of whether or not the two-cent fare law applies to interurbans as well as steam roads. He said that the attorney-general still maintains that the law does not apply to interurbans, but he is willing that it shall be left to the courts to decide. Mr. Hunt also declared that there is no ground for the statement that the interurbans are in many instances charging over two cents a mile. The commission and the attorney-general will ask the courts to decide whether or not the interurbans are affected by the two-cent fare law.

Knife Thrust Proves Fatal. Richmond, Ind., Aug. 2.—Owen Brock, twenty-three years old, died at his home near Eaton, O., east of this city, as the result of knife wounds inflicted by his uncle, Perry Brock, Sunday last. The Brocks, with several companions, were camping on Twin creek, and became involved in a quarrel. The elder Brock is said to have attempted to stab a member of the party, and his nephew received a mortal wound while trying to separate the combatants.

Chigres Spoiling the Berry Harvest. Jeffersonville, Ind., Aug. 2.—Sheriff Pernett, who has just returned from a visit to his home in Bethlehem township, in the eastern part of the county, reports that the scarcity of blackberries in this city is due almost entirely to the multitude of chigres in the blackberry patches, the task of picking berries proving too painful even for the most hardened persons. The sheriff reached this conclusion by personal experiments.

Oklahoma Republicans. Tulsa, I. T., Aug. 2.—The Republican convention of the new state of Oklahoma made the following nominations: Governor, Frank Frantz; lieutenant-governor, N. J. Turk; secretary of state, T. N. Robinett; attorney-general, S. P. Reid; state treasurer, M. Stillwell. Mr. Frantz is the present governor of Oklahoma territory. He was a rough rider captain at the San Juan hill fight in Cuba and is an intimate friend of President Roosevelt.

Duplicating Text of Twenty Years Ago. Franklin, Ind., Aug. 2.—There will be a basket dinner at the Nineveh Christian church Sunday next, marking the twentieth anniversary of the entry into the ministry of the Rev. Lee Tinsley, who preached his first sermon Aug. 4, 1887, taking for his text, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." The same text will be selected for Sunday next.

A NEW YORK FIEND

Brutal Murders of Similar Character Seem to Be by Same Hand.

THREE SHOCKING CRIMES

New York Police Have Added Work In Seeking Murderer of Little Girl.

Her Mutilated Body Was Found In a Basement Near Her Home.

New York, Aug. 2.—The "graveyard" as the foreign-populated neighborhood on First avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, is known locally, gave up yesterday a fresh crime rivaling in atrocity the mysterious butcheries of last week. The latest discovered victim was an eight-year-old girl and, like the two young women murdered, she had been shockingly mistreated before death, and the body mutilated when life was extinct.

The three murders are strikingly similar. Last Thursday night a woman was strangled in a boarding house; the next morning the body of a still unidentified woman who had been choked to death was found in an arway. Katie Pritschler, daughter of a restaurant waiter, disappeared a week ago and was killed that night. A ribbon placed about the throat and drawn so tightly that it cut the flesh showed how she died.

If the brutality of the murders can be qualified, that of the Pritschler girl ranks first. She was assaulted, murdered and then her lifeless form was horribly mutilated. Carl Pritschler, the father of Katie, is a hard-working, respectable citizen. He has several other children, all younger than Katie. The girl left home last Thursday night to play in the street. When she failed to return the father notified the police and a general alarm was sent out. The body was discovered within a block of her home and scarcely a hundred yards from the location of a placard placed by the father calling attention to the fact that his child was lost. How the body could have remained undiscovered for a week is not explained. The girl's body was stumbled upon by a woman who visited the basement of the house at 203 First avenue. It lay upon a berry crate with seemingly no effort at concealment.

"You can say for me," Coroner Harburger declared, "that the crimes in Berlin, of which the newspapers have told, have not been one-thousandth part as bad as the murder of this little girl." The coroner would not permit the body to be photographed.

At the coroner's direction, Gaetano Rippolano, whose cobbler shop adjoins the girl's home, was arrested and asked to explain his absence from his shop on last Friday. He established the fact that he had spent the day at Bristol, Conn. The girl is said to have frequented Rippolano's place and a search of the shop brought to light a man's shirt which bore red stains. The cobbler was arraigned and remanded to the coroner.

When news of the finding of the little one's body spread through the neighborhood excitement rose to such a pitch that the removal of the body and the arrest of Rippolano caused almost a riot. Shop windows were smashed and only the determined front of the police reserves, who clubbed right and left, prevented greater damage.

John Kusmich, the Russian watchman under arrest as a suspicious person, and who is said to have been seen in the company of the girl whose body was found in the arway on East Ninetieth street, was remanded without bail.

MOROCCAN SITUATION

Diplomats and Governments Have Eyes on Casablanca.

Berlin, Aug. 2.—The disturbances in Morocco are being watched here with the closest attention. Lengthy dispatches are published describing the situation. There are few editorial comments, however, although the hope is expressed the Algeiras convention will be successfully carried out. It is stated that Italy would send a warship as well as Spain to Morocco and that a composite force of French, Italian and Spanish troops would be landed at Casablanca to restore order in co-operation with the sultan's forces. All the signatories of the Algeiras convention will be informed as to the steps which it is deemed necessary to take to exact satisfaction.

The Spanish government is drawing up a plan for concerted action with France to obtain reparation for the murders in Casablanca. As a first step a Spanish war ship has been ordered to proceed immediately to Morocco.

Engineer Killed.

Arkansas City, Kan., Aug. 2.—A northbound Santa Fe passenger train left the track seven miles from Red Rock, Okla., killing the engineer and wounding numerous passengers. A coach, chair-car and baggage car, as well as the engine, went in the ditch. The engineer was killed.

Waist Sale

BEGINNING SATURDAY, AUG. 3

Our present stock of Waists must be sold at once. Here they go at the following prices:

All Waists worth from \$1.25 to \$1.75 to close out	\$.95
One lot of Silk and India Linen Waists worth from \$2.00 to \$2.50 for this sale	\$1.48
One lot of \$3.00 and \$3.50 India Linen and Silk Waists, to close out at	\$1.98
All of our Waists that sold at \$4.00 and \$5.00 to close out at	\$2.98

A good line of skirts always on hand at the lowest prices

THE IDEAL SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

THE Great Sale

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, SHOES, NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR; SOX, SHIRTS, RAIN COATS; AND LADIES' COATS, RAIN COATS, SWEATERS, SHOES AND ALL KINDS OF LADIES' FURNISHINGS

Which have been selling at 27 cents on the dollar at 113 south Chestnut st, is still going on and for Saturday we are going to make a special and every article in the house will be put under the knife and a great reduction in every line will be made.

Hundreds have secured bargains You can do likewise. Remember the place 113 south Chestnut street First door south of the Ahlbrand Carriage Factory.

BERT ZEKIND, Mgr.

Slashed Women's Dresses.

Denver, Aug. 2.—Peter Magoffin, a laborer, was arrested after he had slashed the dresses of nearly thirty women and girls on the streets. He was caught in the act and when searched a keen knife and a number of bits of slashed dresses were found on his person. He could not explain his actions.

Iroquois Fire Suits Ended.

New York, Aug. 2.—The score or more of damage suits instituted against Klaw & Erlanger, as an outgrowth of the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago, were finally ended in the federal courts by the refusal of Judge Hough to re-open the cases.

Portland, Me., Aug. 2.—Commander

Robert E. Peary, who is staying with his family at Eagle Island, stated that he will start for New York and then for the north just as soon as the boilers are installed in the Roosevelt. He could not state definitely when that will be, but hopes to start within a week. He expects to be in winter quarters by Sept. 5. There will be no change either in his general course or in the size of his party, which this time will not be divided at all, but will be kept in a compact body. Commander Peary said that he had acquired no "new-fangled idea," and that he knows just what he needs and will take that and nothing more. None of his family is going with him.

Arbuckles' Ariosa Coffee

is cleaned, roasted and packaged by machinery without the touch of a hand. A machine, constructed in our own shops packs the coffee, weighs it, wraps it, and seals the wrapper automatically. It reaches the cup the cleanest, most wholesome and cheapest good coffee in the world.

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Of Boys' Knee Pants Suits
at Reduced Prices,
You can save
money by
buying
one

The HUB

PERSONAL.

Athos Gabard went to Indianapolis this morning.

Mrs. H. R. Kyte went to Indianapolis this morning.

John Casey was a passenger on No. 4 Thursday morning.

Howard Smith, of Medora, was in the city this morning.

Will Dunn and wife came up from Crothersville this morning.

Scott Shields attended the fair at North Vernon Thursday.

O. M. Glasson, of Redding township, was in the city this morning.

John Thompson, of Bartholomew County, was in the city this morning.

Edward A. Remy made a business trip to North Vernon this morning on No. 4.

Charles Krumme, of Reddington Township, was in the city this morning.

Mrs. Sallie Meyers, of Cincinnati, is here the guest of Mrs. J. E. McKinney.

J. W. Cunningham, of Brownstown, was in the city this morning in his automobile.

Mrs. Lou Vanhurlingen, of Mason, Ohio, is visiting in the families of J. H. Boake and J. E. McKinney.

George Kamman, of the Jackson jewelry store, will go to French Lick next Sunday for a week's outing.

Harry Bobb, of the Cordes Hardware store, came home on No. 4 this morning from a business trip west of here.

John Voeltz, of Indianapolis, State Deputy of the Modern Woodmen Lodge, was in the city this morning.

The surveyors on the Indianapolis and Louisville Traction line went south this morning on the late train.

Nathan Speier, of the Gold Mine Department store, made a business trip to North Vernon this morning on No. 4.

Elmer Mauns, Charles McClain, C. C. Wells, Lester Martin and George Mount, all of Scottsburg, were in the city over night.

Mrs. W. G. Reynolds and daughter, Miss Lois, went to Suovals on the accommodation this morning to spend several days with relatives and friends.

Miss Bertha Woessner returned to Indianapolis this morning to resume her work after spending several weeks with home folks and friends in this city.

Dr. Pfaff, of Indianapolis, came down this morning and went to Houston to perform an operation on Mrs. Dr. Conner. He was met here by Doctors Osterman and Ritter.

Spaulding E. Michot, of Louisville, district deputy for the Pathfinders, was in the city Thursday evening to attend the regular weekly meeting of the lodge and returned home this morning on the late train.

Deputy Sheriff Van Robertson, of Brownstown, passed through this city this morning en route to Indianapolis. He was taking John Moore, of Salt Creek Township, to the Central Hospital at Indianapolis for treatment.

Garnet Saltmarsh, Halleck C. Dannett, Tip Ross, Vincenzo Allegro and Clarence Hopewell were among those who went to North Vernon this morning on No. 4 to transact business and attend the Jennings County Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bryan and Mr. and Mrs. "Bud" Elrod left Thursday evening by way of the Pennsylvania line to visit Mr. Bryan's brother, Wade Bryan, and other relatives at Pueblo, Colo. They will also visit at Gunnison, Colo. while away. They expect to be away from home about six weeks, most of time will be spent in Colorado.

W. O. Rayburn, of Bedford, a clerk in the postoffice at that place, and the local deputy of the Pathfinders' Lodge, was in the city last evening and attended the meeting of the lodge at this place. He went to Louisville this morning with Mr. Michot. Mr. Rayburn is getting a vacation of several days just at this time.

Mrs. Frank Sutton, of Clearspring, and daughter, Miss Bessie, of this city, went to Scottsburg this morning to visit relatives and from there will go to Louisville to spend some time. They will be joined by Mr. Sutton in a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton have sold out at Clearspring and are having their sale of personal property today. They have not yet decided definitely but may locate in this city.

A GOOD REMEDY

For a bad stomach is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and one bottle will convince you beyond all doubt that this is true. It is an absolutely pure medicine and has a reputation of 54 years standing.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It is therefore the friend of every man or woman suffering from Poor Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Liver troubles, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Cramps, Diarrhoea, or Malaria

Our First Annual Midsummer Oxford and Low Shoe CLEARANCE SALE

Began July 27, and Will Continue for 2 Weeks

ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1907

DURING the continuance of this sale we will positively offer for sale all of our Oxfords and Low Cuts at such prices that we ourselves will not be able to duplicate next season owing to the continued advances in the leather market. Therefore be sure and avail yourself of the opportunities that this great shoe bargain buying presents to you.

The Following Quotations Will Show You That OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT

Ladies' Department.

All \$3.00 and \$3.50 Oxfords reduced to... \$2.39
(Including American Girl Oxford)
All \$2.50 Oxfords reduced to... 1.93
(Including American Girl Oxfords)
All \$2.00 & \$2.25 Oxfords reduced to 1.69, 1.79
(Including American Girl Oxfords)
All \$1.75 Oxfords reduced to... 1.39
All \$1.50 Oxfords reduced to... 1.19
All \$1.25 Oxfords reduced to... 98c

Special Quotations.

On White and Colored Canvas Oxfords.
All \$1.75 and \$2.00 white, blue and pink
Oxfords at... \$1.19
All \$1.50 White Oxfords at... 98c
All \$1.25 White Oxfords at... 89c
All \$1.00 White Oxfords at... 69c
We have a lot of Ladies' odds and ends
Oxfords to clean up from 25c per pair and up.
The sizes run mostly 2½, 3 and 3½.

Men's Department.

We have an unusually large assortment of Men's Oxfords and as we must close them out this season they are at your disposal at the original cost price.
All \$4.00 and \$4.50 Oxfords, welt soles, at... 3.19
All \$3.75 and \$4.00 Oxfords, welt soles, at... 2.89
All \$3.00 and \$3.50 Oxfords, welt soles, at... 2.49
All \$2.75 Oxfords at... 2.19
All \$2.25 Oxfords at... 1.79
All \$1.75 Oxfords at... 1.29

Our Boys' Youths' Little Gents', Misses' and Children's Oxfords of which we bought unusually heavy, must go, and as an inducement to move them we are offering them positively at less than cost price. We have Misses' Oxfords from 30c up.
Sizes 3 to 4 Barefoot sandals at... 29c
Sizes 5 to 8 run at... 39c
Sizes 9 to 11 run at... 44c
Sizes 12 to 2 run at... 55c

We have determined to sell all of our Oxfords during this sale as we wish to start next season with an entirely new line, therefore this tremendous reduction. Remember the dates, Saturday, July 27, ending August 10. : : : : :

DEHLER'S Shoe Store

12 South Chestnut Street, SEYMOUR, INDIANA

NO CHANGE IN PROGRAM

Big Fleet Will Go Around the Horn as Planned.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 2.—Secretary Loeb says that there has been no change in the plans to send the Atlantic battleship fleet to the Pacific ocean, and that the necessary preparations for the trip are now being made by the navy department. Upon their completion and approval by the president, the voyage will begin when the president gives the word.

Mr. Loeb made this statement incidentally in saying that there was no foundation for the report that Secretary Metcalf had been or would be asked to resign from the cabinet because of his announcement that the fleet would be in San Francisco harbor in the near future. No protest has

been received from the Japanese government against the plan to send the Atlantic battleship fleet to the Pacific and none is expected. It is pointed out here that no basis exists for protest or complaint, as the fleet is to remain in American waters.

A NEW DEPARTURE

New York Has a Police Court Open All Night.

New York, Aug. 2.—There will be no more languishing in cells on a desk lieutenant's say or premiums paid to professional bondsmen on trumped-up arrest cases in this city. From now on the policeman who makes an arrest at any hour of the day or night will have to bring his prisoner immediately before a magistrate.

New York's first all-night police court was opened last evening when Judge Whitman formally announced that the night shift of justice was ready for business. Seventy-two unfortunates who had fallen into the toils since nightfall peered from the detention pen. When adjournment for lunch was taken at midnight 168 cases had been disposed of and thirty-five prisoners were awaiting arraignment.

Miss Matthews Buried.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 2.—The funeral of Miss Laura Matthews, who died from a gunshot wound at Colorado Springs, was held in this city today. Charles A. Coey, the Chicago manufacturer, with whom she had carried on a correspondence; Mrs. Jennie Matthews, mother of the girl, and other relatives arrived here from Chicago. They insist that Miss Matthews did not commit suicide, but was murdered. After the funeral Mr. Coey will go to Colorado Springs to make a thorough investigation of the shooting.

A farmer named Eloff of Rustenburg, Transvaal, who is awaiting trial at Pretoria on the charge of killing a Kaffir, alleges that he fired a loaded gun to frighten away ghosts, to which his family attributed strange noises in the house, and that he was unaware of the native's presence.

SPECIAL SALE I have two choice lots left in in the Humes Block on Fourth street. These lots are bargains and must sell in the next two weeks. See

E. C. BOLLINGER, Agt.

INSURANCE

Of all kinds written
FIRE, TORNADO AND LIFE
We go on your Bond.

Geo. Schaefer, First Nat. Bank Bldg

The Photographers PLATTER & CO.,

Have secured the one hundred Babies and now they propose to give with each dozen Photos one extra Photo mounted on a fine large card or folder. This applies to all, old or young and good until Sept. 15, 1907.

EARLY RISER The famous little pills

Telephone Your Orders

for drug store things to 400, whether you want a bottle of toilet water, a box of cold cream or talcum powder or medicine for the boy or girl.
The goods will be delivered in a surprisingly short time. We do them up immediately.

W. F. Peter Drug Co.,
THE RENALL STORE,
Phone 400.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE

Send stamp for Particulars and Testimonials of the remedy that clears the Complexion, Removes Skin Imperfections, Makes New Blood and Improves the Health. If you take

BEAUTYSKIN
beneficial results are guaranteed or money refunded.
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.,
Madison Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. F. Miller Lawyer

Office: 1½ W. 2nd St. Opposite New Lynn.
Seymour, Indiana.

J. B. SHEPARD

REAL ESTATE AGENT
City and Farm
Property For Sale

See me if you want to buy or sell property

BATHS

Take Turkish Salt-glow
Baths for all kinds of
Lung Trouble.

AHLERT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

R. H. HALL, ARCHITECT,

115S. Broadway, Seymour, Ind

For Sale

City Property
Building Lots
Farms

Gold Bonds to Net 5 PerCent

GEO. SCHAEFER AGENCY.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

Devil on a Stick
SALVE For Burns, Sores

WANT ADVERTISING

FOR SALE.—Bank stock. House for rent. George Schaefer. a4d

FOR RENT.—Office and store room. 119 S. Chestnut St. m-w-f-tf

Weather Indications

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 2, 1907.—Fair tonight and Saturday. Rising temperature Saturday.

Watermelons on ice, cantelopes and peaches at the Model grocery

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was cured by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Peter Platter was a passenger to Mitchell this afternoon on No. 11.

Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Finch, of Richmond, Ind., arrived in this city this morning on a visit of about two weeks with their niece, Mrs. Charles Miles and family of St. Louis avenue.

Rev. Ed Schmidt returned home from St. Louis Thursday evening where he has been visiting the past week. He was accompanied home by a friend who will remain in Seymour perhaps for two or three weeks.

Rev. Louis Roehm, of Ft. Worth, Tex., arrived in the city Wednesday afternoon and was the guest of Otto Ahlbrand for supper. He went on to Columbus the same evening to visit his sister, Mrs. Fred Acker, for several days.

Judge and Mrs. H. Clay McKee, of Mt. Sterling are expected here on the 5:45 train this afternoon to remain over Sunday, the guests of their niece, Mrs. Dr. N. G. Smith, of W. Tipton street. They are just returning from spending about two weeks at the Martineville Springs.

Misses Edna Drooge and Stella Ahlbrand left this morning for a several weeks' visit with Rev. Henry Henkel and family, of Elyria, O. Miss Drooge will act as bridesmaid at the marriage of Miss Clara Henkel and Otto Heller on August 15th. Miss Drooge and Miss Ahlbrand will probably take a trip to Niagara Falls also before their return home.

Revised version: Marry in three columns, repeat in a paragraph.

"Gargle after the fifth kiss" is the hygienic advice somebody hands us. Then there is no danger in four?

A Connecticut man has gone to Europe with eight young and beautiful school-teachers. We hope he is not a mollycoddle.

"Missouri is always to the front," says a St. Louis contemporary. Yes, indeed. She acquired the habit handling mules.

"Give everyone a divorce who wants one," is the suggestion of a woman physician. Wherein does that differ from the present method?

In declaring his intention to die an American citizen, Richard Croker does not wish it understood that he is going to be in a hurry about it.

President Roosevelt has refused to express his opinion of the new style of women's hats. He would rather fight his way up San Juan hill again.

A fashion writer reports that ples are to be thinner this year. If that is true the upper crust and the under crust may soon have the same social standing.

One of the latest nature stories comes from New York. A man in that city has a cross eyed cat. Unfortunate animal! It can't catch more than half the mice it sees.

An Ohio editor thinks there is no reason for general discouragement as long as seven pounds of prunes may be purchased for a quarter. Evidently he doesn't board.

By rigid economy in the matter of cigars the man who paid a doctor \$6,000 for advising him to stop smoking may restore his bank account to its former level in time.

"Will women ever dress like men?" asks a New York reformer. No. Even if they wore trousers they would want to put them on by poking their heads up through from under.

It is a noteworthy fact that none of the gentlemen who are vociferously in favor of universal disarmament appear to think it necessary to find out how Bertha Krupp and her husband feel about it.

Emma Goldman says "a desirable citizen is one who throws off traditions and the past and acts freely on the impulses of the present." It is said Emma is thinking of going abroad. The hope is that she will act on the impulse of the present.

Hetty Green has given up her residence at Bellows Falls because the assessors there wanted her to pay taxes on some of her personal property. Why doesn't the lady outfit the tax gatherers by having a kitchen and bedroom rigged up in one of those little houses on wheels such as traveling photographers used to make use of while supplying the populace with tintypes?

Expert witnesses, as a class, have won the distrust of the public. A Massachusetts physician, following the example of thoughtful men in other States, has outlined a plan for the improvement of the legal value of expert testimony, and also for the protection of the medical profession from the ill repute brought upon it by some of its members in court. He proposes that the court appoint the experts and the State pay them. So long as human nature is human, an expert, no matter how good his intentions, will be inclined to favor the side by which he is engaged and paid.

Ambassador Bryce, when he was delivering the commencement address before the students of Chicago University, expressed the opinion that everybody ought to have a good hobby. He did not say it in these words. What he said was: "Every one of us ought to have a second or inner life, over and above that life which he leads among others for the purpose of his vocation, be it to gain money, or power, or fame, or be it to serve his country or his neighbor. He ought to have some pursuit or tastes to which he can turn from the daily routine. Whatever the taste or pursuit may be, whether of a higher or commoner type, it is good for him; but, of course, the more wholesome and elevating the taste or pursuit, so much the better for him." So what he means is, have a hobby. We know a physician whose hobby is flowers. His yard is not much bigger than you could put in your hat, but he uses every inch of it. Takes his trowel and his spade and his flower seeds and his rose bushes, and every morning, early, you can find him among his little beds. "I am certain," he said, "that it makes me a better doctor and a better man." We know a young clerk whose hobby is good books. When the other fellows are down town in the evenings, he is at home filling his mind with wonderful thoughts and emptying the splendid literature of the world into his head. We know a business man whose hobby is giving happiness to poor children. He has a

way of picking up forlorn street boys and tiny girls who scarcely ever heard of happiness. A hundred children love him. Hobbies are only habits. Foolish hobbies are foolish habits. Wasteful hobbies are wasteful habits. Bad hobbies are bad habits. But the good hobby is nothing but a good habit. Mr. Bryce is a pretty keen-sighted man. He knows that there is nothing that takes the life out of us like routine, always doing the same thing, without any let-up or contrast. We need a good hobby or two, like flowers, or good books, or making children happy, and the more wholesome and healthy the hobby the more real good we will get out of it.

Some time ago Governor Hughes of New York raised a standard for lawyers that might be considered rather high for every-day humanity. He declared that no case should be taken against the public interest. But if that be counsel of perfection, the article of Frederick Trevor Hill, a New York lawyer and author of note, in Putnam's on legal trickery and the disrepute into which the profession is falling, certainly demands nothing heroic of the average lawyer. It only asks him to refrain from twisting and torturing the law in the interest of clients who do not deserve success. It asks him to be decently scrupulous and honest. Mr. Hill does not hesitate to say that "lawyers are coming to be looked upon by fair and broad-minded men as defectors of the law and mockers of its majesty." He attributes this to the fact that the typical modern lawyer is addicted to quibbling, trickery and technicality, and cares nothing about justice, the merits of the case, or the real issues. He thinks it altogether proper to confuse the court and get "reversible error" into the record by hook or crook. He prepares snares and pitfalls for the judge, and rejoices when the efforts are successful. He stretches statutes and solemnly argues for interpretations that he knows to be preposterous. He defeats honest claims, regardless of all moral considerations, so long as some loophole for the rascally client can be discovered. He deceives legislators into putting jokers into bills and then goes into court to invalidate the acts fashioned by himself with an air of innocence and good faith. He takes advantage of the failure of a plaintiff to observe the most technical and obscure rules of practice. He will "get off" criminals and turn them loose in the community on the most trivial and transparent pretexts. And so on, to the end of the indictment. Mr. Hill gives a number of striking illustrations, especially from criminal practice, to illustrate his charges. For example, a burglar who had robbed a railway station and killed a constable was once saved from conviction on a charge of murder in the first degree by the point that the statute in regard to burglary was so worded as not to cover railway stations, and that the constable had been guilty of trying to make an illegal arrest in interfering with the burglar.

Only lawyers can so well expose legal chicanery and artful dodging, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hill's example will be widely followed by other conscientious members of the profession. As he says, lawyers should see themselves as others see them.

AN INDIAN MARCO POLO.

In the early days Indians were great travelers about this country, says C. H. Miller in the Boston Transcript. They paid their way among their tribes by describing the lands through which they passed, making maps in the sand or the ashes of the fire to describe their travels. But there was this difference between them and other travelers—they were required to tell the truth. One detected in falsehood was immediately punished.

A Rocky Mountain Indian who had descended the Missouri as far as St. Louis and there had seen one of the early steamboats, endeavored on his return to tell his tribe about it. On the first night he said it was as big as ten canoes. On the second night he said it was as big as fifty canoes.

At this point the chief interrupted him, and reminded the tribe that the night before he had said it was only as big as ten canoes. The honest traveler admitted this, and tendered his scalp in forfeit, but explained that he had been at first afraid to say how big it really was.

Urged to tell once and for all how big it truly was, he declared he was still afraid, for if they should heap together all the canoes they had ever seen or heard of they would not have half enough to make a single steamboat.

He might have been killed for lying then, but when he tried to go on and imitate the noises of a river steamboat, screeching for the whistle, puffing for the exhaust and for the wheels, all at once, so that he almost killed himself in his honest efforts, they decided he was, after all, only a maniac, so they drove him out of the circle and treated him as "one possessed."

The Ruling Passion.

Telegram Operator—Thirty words, that will be \$1.85, madam.
Madam—Oh, you're mistaken. The message is only ten words; the rest is simply a postscript.—Boston Transcript.

The game of whist a woman plays is not a reliable index to her useful accomplishments.



My name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed;

My name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed. I murdered William Moore, And I left him on the shore, And I left him in his gore, As I sailed.

While out hunting near a little Massachusetts town more than fifty years ago two brothers came across a time stained and weather worn letter. A glance showed that the signature was Robert Kidd, that there were references to a hoard of buried treasure on a Boston harbor island, and that there were some directions, more or less mystic, as to how that treasure might be obtained.

When they looked over the whole letter carefully they had no reason to doubt that it was a work of Captain Kidd, even though the signature was Robert Kidd, instead of William Kidd, the proper name of the man who killed William Moore aboard a vessel by hitting him on the head with a bucket,

forgery. There was nothing on which to base a suit or anything else but a personal quarrel. A copy of the letter is now preserved in the valuable Warner papers, in the archives of the Rhode Island Historical Society, and the original is in a bank safe in Ware, Mass.

But the whole matter came up again last spring. Workmen who were digging at Deer Island last year uncovered a number of old coins. It was immediately surmised by many that the money was part of the buried treasure of Captain Kidd. To be sure, the dates on the coins ran to the nineteenth century, and Captain Kidd was executed in England in 1701 for the murder of William Moore. Nevertheless, the belief still exists in the minds of some that at last the hiding place of the tainted Kidd money has been discovered.

When the letter was published in a Providence paper a few years ago the



There was much talk in the air at the time of the doings of Captain Kidd in New England just before he was taken to England and executed for killing Moore. The document seemed so valuable that each wanted it.

Finally, they took the matter to court, each man setting up ownership by virtue of priority of discovery. The whole State was interested in the litigation. There was no end of speculation as to which island in the harbor was referred to. Then the bottom dropped out of the whole case. The garish light of the Massachusetts court showed that the whole letter was a clever

A VANISHED TYPE.

On Mr. Hazelton's return from a week's visit in his native village he told his wife that everything there was changed, and not for the better. "They have dinner at night now," he said, sadly, "luncheon at one, and the Continental breakfast of rolls and coffee—or no breakfast at all—is the rule in every house."

"I told Louisa that I'd like to see some of the fried pies that mother and Aunt Anne used to make for breakfast, but my hint fell on stony ground. Louisa said fried pies were horribly indigestible; besides, nobody knew how to make them."

"Cook would leave if I asked her to try," Louisa said, so fearfully that I said no more."

"I don't see why you cried for fried pies in Elmdale; you don't have them for breakfast at home," said Mrs. Hazelton, pointedly.

"It was absurd," Mr. Hazelton admitted, "but my mouth watered for them, all the same. And for sausage cakes, and a salt-fish dinner, and apple turnovers, and sugar gingerbread, to mention a few of the dainties of my boyhood. But it was clear soup and

sweetbreads and salads everywhere, just as it is here.

"And the worst is not yet," said Mr. Hazelton, feelingly. "And the old-fashioned woman who took the table-cloth to the door after a meal and shook it has departed for good and all!"—Youth's Companion.

A Polite Request.

"One of the most polite men that ever lived in this town was Lon Hobart," said a prominent citizen of Bushby to a stranger in the village. "We were always proud of Lon's manners whilst he was here, and by what I learn, they've got every reason to be proud of him out in Stony Gulch, where he now resides."

"Yes, he went out there in the interests of a mine," continued the Bushby man, glad to have a new listener. "Some of our folks went out there last year, and Lon showed 'em round. They said that in one place, where it was kind of dangerous and open, there was a big placard stuck up, and on it Lon had printed, 'Please do not tumble down the shaft.'"

"They said it made 'em feel at home right off."

An old-fashioned woman will never stop ironing so long as her irons are hot.

KING AND THE BOY.

Edward Broke Cake with a Little Curly-Headed Child.

King Edward, when at Marienbad, taking the cure, was one day having tea in the Cafe Bellevue Gardens with a party of friends, says the Youth's Companion. A small boy, with bare brown legs and a head covered with curls, was playing about in charge of his nurse. He was attracted by the king's smile, which comes readily for children, and drew near the royal table.

His majesty smiling offered him a piece of cake, whereupon, becoming suddenly shy, the little boy took to his heels and scampered away.

The king laughed softly. But as he knows a good deal about child nature he placed the plate with the cake on it invitingly near the edge of the table, and presently "Curly Head" came haltingly back. His majesty again extended the plate. This time the boy took it.

"Thank you!" said he. The king bowed with the utmost gravity.

Then, resting the plate on the king's knees, the boy ate the cake with appetite, even stooping scrupulously to pick up and eat a rather large crumb which had fallen at his majesty's feet.

When the last crumb had disappeared he placed the plate on the table. "Thank you!" he said again.

"Most welcome," returned the king, holding out his hand.

The boy took it, quite unconscious that he was shaking hands with England's sovereign, and ran off to his embarrassed and horrified nurse without a backward glance. But when the king was leaving the gardens the boy spied him, and remembered that he had broken bread with him. With all his little might he chased his majesty's retreating figure.

"Good-by!" he panted. "The cake was fine."

His majesty's hand rested for an instant on the curly head.

"Good-by!" he said. And those who witnessed the little scene say that it was a father's and not a king's smile that accompanied the words.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

"Some one wishes to speak to you over the telephone, Doctor Barnard," said the call-boy of the hotel where the new minister and his wife were staying temporarily. "Oh, yes!" said Doctor Barnard in response to a lady's voice which announced, "I am Mrs. Wegg."

Doctor Barnard was not surprised, for Mr. Wegg had asked him to deliver an address before the Y. M. C. A., and he had promised a reply in a few days. "Oh, yes," he answered, and waited for an inquiry concerning the address. The inquiry came, but it was a little different.

"Will you please tell me," asked the lady, pleasantly, "where I can have my poodle dog trained?"

"Well, eh, eh, really, Mrs. Wegg, I don't think I know," replied the astounded clergyman. He was used to all sorts of demands, but this was the strangest yet.

"You don't know? Why, isn't this Doctor Barnard?"

"Yes."

"And you can't tell me where I can get my dog trained?" the lady persisted.

"No, I'm very sorry, but I don't really know," replied the minister, apologetically, "but if you'll wait a moment I'll try to find out for you," he added, reflecting that this was a new parish, and of course if he was expected to know about poodles—

He asked the hotel clerk's assistance, and presently returned to the telephone. He was greeted by the sound of a much excited masculine voice demanding, "Please let me have the line a moment, Mrs. Wegg."

It was the embarrassed Mr. Wegg who spoke, and who at once began to offer contrite apologies to the clergyman with the explanation that the Wegg family had two sets of telephone instruments, and that at the precise moment when Mr. Wegg, below stairs, was calling Doctor Barnard, the clergyman, Mrs. Wegg, up-stairs, was calling Doctor Barnard, the veterinary surgeon.

It was a strange coincidence, and rather an unfortunate one, Mrs. Wegg thought. Still it might have been worse—if, for example, her husband had asked the veterinary to address the Y. M. C. A.

Sure to Miss Him.

A man runs a truck-farm in Virginia tells of the sad predicament in which a colored man named Sam Moore, who is in his employ, found himself. Sam had had considerable difficulty in evading the onslaughts of a dog from a neighboring farm. Finally the dog got him, as Sam kicked at him.

Sam's wife, hearing a tremendous yell, rushed to the rescue of her husband. When she came up the dog had fastened his teeth in the calf of Sam's leg and was holding on for dear life. Seizing a stone in the road, Sam's wife was about to hurl it when Sam, with wonderful presence of mind, shouted:

"Mandy! Mandy! Don't frow dat stone at de dawg! Frow it at me, Mandy!"

Conclusive.

"Do you regard this prevalence of high prices as a sign of prosperity?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "the fact that people can afford to pay them is a conclusive sign of prosperity."—Washington Star.

"DONALD."

A regimental pet or a company "mascot" plays a worthy and wholesome part in army service. It provides an object on which the soldier can expend affection and personal care, and binds the men in a common interest. In the long list of the various animals devoted to the camp and barracks, "Donald," the deer, holds a gallant place. Archibald Forbes gives his history in "The Black Watch."

Donald was adopted by the Royal Highlanders when they were ordered to Edinburgh Castle in 1836. He was a youngster with tiny antlers, which did not have to be cut then, as they were later.

When the regiment went to Glasgow, Donald marched with them. Soon he began to develop mischievous propensities. He objected strongly to intruders when the company was exercising on Glasgow Green.

In 1838 Donald discovered his true role. Without any previous training he took his place at the head of the regiment, alongside of the sergeant-major. Whether marching for exercise, out-marching in winter, or at guard-mounting, Donald was never absent. He accompanied the regiment on all garrison field-days, roaming off to feed while the manoeuvres were going on; wandering sometimes a mile away, but always back at his post in time for the march, except on one occasion.

He mistook his regiment, and trotted along ahead of the 70th. He presently discovered his error, and became uneasy and arrogant. When the company turned off to their barracks Donald refused to accompany them, and the colonel ordered six men to hand their muskets over to their comrades, and to escort the deer back to his own Royal Brigade. He never made a similar mistake.

When the regiment was on guard duty at the castle Donald always went with it, making his way easily through the crowd in the streets. If any one interfered with him he gave chase.

One day Donald's regiment went abroad, and the deer was handed over to a new company. These successors did not understand him. They did not give him litter for his bed or oats for his dinner, and he soon declared war against the whole regiment. A brigade trooper hardly dared cross the square if Donald was in sight. At last he became so ill-tempered it was decided to turn him loose in a park. His lordship who owned the estate promised to look well after Donald's comfort.

Twenty-two years later the lieutenant-colonel of Donald's old regiment returned to Glasgow, and one of the first things he did was to inquire after the company's deer. The story which was told him was a melancholy one. From the day he was set free in the park he declined to have anything to do with man or beast. He became so fierce, and so many complaints were entered against him, that at the end of two years he was shot.

FOREIGN VESSEL AT CINCINNATI.

Clara Ramos Stopped There and Town Felt Like Real Seaport.

For the first time in the history of the city a steamer flying the flag of a foreign country tied to the bank in the port of Cincinnati last Saturday, says the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. She was bound for the Gulf of Mexico and thence across its waters to the inland waterways of the Republic of Mexico. Built at Pittsburgh, unique in appearance, a three-decker, graceful in outline and flying light, the Clara Ramos dipped her flag in salute to the array of steamers at the wharf and was saluted in turn.

It was an interesting incident in the history of the port of Cincinnati and is a suggestion of great possibilities. While the Clara Ramos gave the Cincinnatians the first sight of a foreign flag in port, Cincinnati in the olden time built ships which have sailed down the Ohio and Mississippi and crossed the ocean to Liverpool and to other ports. They engaged and continued in the ocean-carrying trade long before the days of steam in ocean navigation and when Jack Tar was not only a picturesque but a necessary attachment to trade and commerce between the United States and foreign countries. In Cist's "History of Cincinnati" the following interesting statement is given from the Liverpool Times of Jan. 30, 1845:

"We have received a file of Cincinnati papers brought by the first vessel that ever cleared at that port for Europe. The building of a vessel of 350 tons—the Muskingum—on a river 1,700 miles from the sea is, in itself, a very remarkable circumstance, both as a proof of the magnificence of the American rivers and the spirit of the American people. The navigating of such a vessel down the Ohio and Mississippi and then across the Atlantic would a few years ago have been thought impossible. She brings a cargo of provisions and we trust that the success of the first venture will be such as to encourage its frequent repetition."

He Felt 'Em.

Bacon—They say there are over a million species of insects in the world. Egbert—That's no news to me. Don't you suppose I ever went to a Sunday School picnic in the woods?—Yonkers Statesman.

The average housekeeper has an idea a restaurant kitchen isn't a very tidy place.

SUPERSTITIONS OF MEXICANS

BELIEF OF LOWER CLASSES IN SIGNS AND OMENS.

Things the Peons Are Taught to Do or to Avoid—Numbers Lucky and Unlucky—Easy Way to Foretell Your Death—Getting Rid of a Husband by Charm.

Mexicans enjoy the well earned reputation of being one of the most superstitious races in the world. Superstition exists wherever there is a human being, but Mexico seems to be the place where all human superstitions are centered. To such an extent is this true that superstition has become almost a kind of religion, governing every act of the people.

Take the average Mexican of the poorer classes, says the Mexican Herald, and you may hear from his lips hair raising stories of ghosts and fairies and devils. He will tell you of the rare qualities of many animals, plants and stones, of the things you can do and those you cannot do on certain days of the week or the month and, finally, he will invite you to make the sign of the cross to drive away the devils and the ghosts that may have been attracted by the conversation you have had.

From their earliest childhood the peons are taught to make the sign of the cross before going to sleep at night and before touching the floor with their toes in the morning. Maidens, until they become brides, are urged by their mothers to put their shoes point against point under their bed at night to bring happy dreams, and will even enable them to converse with the Virgin during their sleep.

When dressing the right shoe (never the left) is put on first. The buttons of the suit are buttoned upwards, that is, starting with the lowest and ending at the top. This is to signify that we are very low here in this earthly planet, but that during the day we will try to go upward. Furthermore, this practice, if faithfully and constantly observed, will lead us very high, to Heaven when we die. The contrary will take us down to Inferno.

After one is ready to go out of his room, one must always move the right foot first. If it happens that you find at the door of your house a bunch of hair or hemp, it is a proof that a witch is after you with some ill purpose, and you must at once bring some salt and throw four handfuls as far as you can, one to the east, another to the west, the third to the north and the last one to the south. Then you have nothing to fear from witches in the course of the day. But at night, when you retire, you must take two very fine sticks, make a cross with them and nail it to your door. No witches, ghosts or devils will bother you thereafter.

If before taking breakfast you happen to see a black cat, three lame fellows on one and the same street or a corpse, it would be better for you to go back home and stay indoors for the day, because something wrong is in store for you.

If, on the contrary, you meet a hump-back, it would be good for you to shake hands with him, pat his hump and give him some money, if he is a beggar; that will bring you good luck. Humpbacks are exceptionally good omens for those who buy lottery tickets. If you buy one, do not see its number until you have rubbed it against somebody's hump; then you are sure to win a prize.

Numbers 7, 15 and 27 are lucky; 3, 7 and 41 are unlucky. No. 13 especially is one that never fails to bring trouble, so never live in a house or room numbered 13, be very careful when you ascend a staircase with 13 steps, never ride on car No. 13 and under no circumstances eat, drink or wear anything that has cost you 13 cents or dollars, or that you have bought on the 13th of the month.

Tuesday and Friday are very bad omen days, and there is a common saying that mean "do not marry or start on any business on Tuesday or Friday."

Black cats, spiders and owls are very bad omen creatures. Never keep a black cat at home, be sure to kill all spiders you see crawling about your bed and always close tight your ears when you hear an owl hoot. Indians abhor owlets; they say: "When an owl sings an Indian dies; it may be untrue, yet it always happens."

Butterflies are good or bad omens, according to their color. White ones, bring happiness; yellow ones advise us to maintain alive our hopes of love or fortune, and black ones announce that death is stalking around us or our relatives.

The dog is the greatest friend of man, no doubt about that, as he is endowed with the power of seeing ghosts, devils and death. When you hear your dog howling it is a proof that he is warning you against some evil event.

One thing of apparently small importance, but which brings fatal results, is the lighting of three cigars or cigarettes on the same match. One of the three persons lighting their cigars will die within the year.

Here we have a very safe means to know whether we are going to die in the course of any given year. It cannot be more simple. You get up very early in the morning of January 1 and await on the field for the sun to rise, you looking westward. The minute the sun rises you see your own shadow, enormously enlarged; if it has a head on you are sure to live through the year, but if there is no head at all then you had better draw up your will.

For love charms women use, among others, the loadstone. If a woman suspects that her husband is in love with another woman or that he is willing to desert her, let her carry a small loadstone sewn to her corset; the husband will become more loving than ever.

A man proves to be a bad husband and his wife wants to get rid of him; the only way to accomplish this is to make him die, because divorce does not exist in Mexico. But for this women do not appeal to knives, revolvers or drugs, but to other means. The one most in vogue is to have a ribbon blessed by a priest, on behalf of the saint whose name her husband bears; with this ribbon the man is measured when asleep. The ribbon is cut and next morning a mass is ordered in honor of the man's saint name; when the priest is giving the final blessing, the ribbon is burned and the poor husband dies within a month from an unknown disease.

There are scores of other very queer superstitions. The above are common to all Mexicans, but there are some which belong exclusively to certain groups, like masons, blacksmiths, bakers, barbers, bullfighters, artists, etc., and which are almost unknown out of the circle where they belong to. Bullfighters for instance, are so superstitious about corpses and snakes that they will not dare take part in a fight if they see a corpse or a snake when going to the ring.

The Name Had Cash Value.

The names of foreigners who settle in America frequently become so changed as to be unrecognizable by their former compatriots. Sometimes the change is due to continued mispronunciation by Americans, sometimes it is merely a translation, as when Monsieur Le Blanc becomes Mr. White; and sometimes it is due, as the Brooklyn Eagle shows, to still other reasons.

"Mary Murphy!" echoed a library attendant when confronted by a diminutive youngster whose Hebrew features were in strong contrast to her Irish name. "And your father is Patrick Murphy?" she added, with increasing bewilderment, for the child was evidently of Polish birth as well as of Jewish blood.

Cross-questioning brought out the fact that up to a few months ago Mary's name was Esther Kabrofsky. Her father's name was Isaac. But, as Mary told in her broken English, her father bought a butcher shop down the street from one Patrick Murphy.

Patrick's sign hung above the door and Patrick's customers were a good asset to keep. So Isaac, after thinking the matter over, called the family together and announced that hereafter his name was Patrick Murphy, and Esther and Yetta were to be called Mary and Bridget. As for little Ikey, he was to be named Charles. It was much easier to do it that way than to appeal to the courts.

Ink That Never Dries.

"One of the first things we have to impress upon newcomers in this business," remarked a dealer in fine prints, "is to take the utmost care in handling prints, for the simple reason that the ink used in printing engravings and etchings practically never dries."

"Of all the men whose works in this line we handle it can be safely said that on the prints of only two of them—Rembrandt and Durer—has the ink really dried. And you know it is a long time since they were alive."

"It has been our frequent experience to have prints fully 200 years old show signs that the ink still had some moisture in it, as we have learned to our cost in seeing them rubbed."

"An expert, whether he be a professional or amateur collector, can tell at a glance that a print has had another one pulled across it, for to his accustomed eyes the telltale marks of the ink having been drawn across a blank place on the paper are as clear as daylight."

"That is why we keep all of our prints in boxes that just fit them so that they must be lifted out squarely with no chance of their being dragged across the one below. It seems like a trifle. But it is just such trifles that make or mar the sale of a really fine print worth thousands of dollars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only Animal That Kisses.

Why a salute of the lips, ordinarily known as a kiss, should be given such prominence in the literature and drama of the world, both biblical and historical cannot be solved by recourse to any written authority; yet during all these years since the beginning of time this peculiar salutation does not appear to have lost in value, nor is there any immediate prospect of its so doing. What the playwright, the novelist, and the poet would do without this peg upon which to hang a plot it would be difficult to say, and this applies especially to the playwrights, for dozens of familiar dramatic productions, several of which have graced the New York stage this season, have found their greatest factor, the wheel upon which the machinery of the scenes runs and the plot depends, in a kiss—that of a man and a woman.

In France only a half century ago a code of regulations by which the theatres of that country were governed provided that any actor kissing an actress without her consent, regardless of what the play might be, would be subject to a fine of many francs.—Leslie's Weekly.

MRS. SAGE'S GIFTS.

She Has Already Disposed of Over Thirteen Million Dollars.

When Russell Sage died he left nearly all his fortune of many millions to his wife. Practically the only exception was a legacy of \$25,000 to each of twenty-six nephews and nieces. He left nothing to charity, but explained that he knew nothing of benevolence and charity and preferred to leave all such things to his wife, as she was an expert in such matters.

Immediately upon his death Mrs. Sage was fairly overwhelmed by appeals for aid from individuals and societies. She announced that a deaf ear would be turned to these appeals, especially to those made on behalf of individuals. She said she proposed to give away the great fortune but would



MRS. RUSSELL SAGE.

use her own judgment as to the beneficiaries. Already she has given away over \$13,000,000 as follows:

26 gifts of \$25,000 each to relatives of Mr. Sage, doubling his bequests	\$650,000
School Building Fund, Sag Harbor, Long Island	50,000
New York University, Schwab estate, fifteen acres	300,000
223 gifts of \$5 each to employees Park Department	1,115
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.	1,000,000
Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.	1,000,000
Methodist Episcopal church Building Fund, Lawrence, Long Island	1,000
Sage Foundation for Improvement of Social Conditions	10,000,000
American Seaman's Friend Society, New York	150,000
Syrian Protestant College, Beirut, Syria	75,000
Young Men's Christian Association, International Committee	350,000
School Building Fund, Sag Harbor, additional	50,000
Young Men's Christian Association, Naval Branch, Brooklyn	200,000
Total	\$13,827,115

POLITE DISSENT.

Like most provincial people, the Brazilians are inquisitive, but their native politeness will not allow them to receive any reply otherwise than with thanks. When Dr. George Gardner was traveling in the interior of that country, he was detained for some days by illness on an island in one of the large islands of northern Brazil. He found these remote people curious to learn about the outside world, but a little incredulous of his accounts of the triumphs of civilization.

Until I gained sufficient strength to leave the island, I spent much of my time under the shade of a tree, either listening to the conversation of the people or answering the thousand and one questions put by them respecting my own and other distant countries. These questions were often sufficiently ridiculous, and I could often perceive that my answers were considered stretches of the long bow, although they were too polite to say so. Not only was it among the poor islanders of San Pedro that I observed this to be the case, but the same effects occurred among those who were considered well educated.

I remember once to have been conversing with the president of one of the inland provinces about steam navigation, and on my telling him that many of the English steamboats were now entirely constructed of iron, he did not say that he did not believe me, but he simply remarked that "in Brazil, when iron was put into the water it always sank."

Probably a Countrywoman.

The "Seeing London" automobile rolled out Piccadilly in the direction of Hyde Park.

"That, ladies and gents," shouted the guide, as they passed an ancient edifice surrounded by a high brick wall, "that is the town house of the Duke of Devon, one of our largest landed proprietors."

The eyes of the beautiful American on the back seat were illumined with sudden interest.

"Who landed him?" she cried.—Exchange.

"Those men coming out of the house opposite must have been having a stag party."

"Humph! That's plain enough from the stagers."—Baltimore American.

USED BIBLE AS CIPHER.

Verse From Solomon Told of a Marriage Engagement.

When she left home in the small town to come to New York to take up a special course of study, her pet sister was fast reaching the crisis of a love affair. The pet sister was a most winsome young lady, and had long kept a goodly train of suitors a-sighing. Was this affair to be the grand affair? The old sister hoped so, for she liked the young man cordially—thought he was just the sort to make a proper brother-in-law.

But the weeks passed and not a bit of definite news about the progress of the affair did the older sister receive in her city boarding house. She became anxious. Louise, she thought, must not go on recklessly trifling in such important matters.

Then one night about 10 o'clock, just as she was going to bed, came a telegram. The servant brought it up. The older sister was country girl enough to be thoroughly frightened by the pale manila, black-lined envelope. How ominous it looked! At length she gathered courage to open it. This is what she read:

"Solomon six three. LOUISE." Solomon six three! Whatever in the world! Oh, why, yes, stupid, it of course meant the Song of Solomon, sixth chapter, third verse. But—and her cheeks flushed with shame—she had no Bible!

There was a great scurrying about the boarding house to find a copy of the sacred book. The girls were routed out in vain. On all sides the cry arose, "Who's got a Bible?" Just think of the sister trying to sleep that night without knowing what that verse was! It would have been just like a woman to lie down to pleasant dreams, content to know that she could satisfy her curiosity in the morning—not!

The landlady, good soul, came to the rescue. She was no heathen. She had a Bible. Up to her room with it flew the sister, and shut the door. Such a turning over of pages by eager, nervous fingers! Solomon six three. She found it, and then she cried "Hurrah!" and laughed, for the verse was:

"I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine."—New York Press.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

"The mind is a marvelous thing," said Prof. Zachariah Terwilliger to his psychology class. His lecture and its sequel are printed in the New York Sun. "Let me consider," went on the worthy sage, "the process expressed in the good old homely phrase, 'making up one's mind.' I am on the threshold of an important decision. What I determine to do may have a grave bearing on my future. First I ponder over the matter carefully. I look at it in every aspect, examining it searchingly in all lights, from all angles. By the indefinable processes of reasoning I arrive at a certain conclusion. But that is not all."

"As a man of discretion, it behooves me to secure counsel. I listen carefully to judgments, noting zealously each person's individual bias. Then I assort and catalogue these outside opinions."

"I next step aside psychically and riew the array. Having, as I modestly beg to claim, a plastic, although notably individual mind, I am able thus to project myself into the personalities of others, and view my own impressions and my own status as they might view them. This, young gentlemen, is an especially valuable exercise. I urge you to cultivate the faculty."

"Finally I give one last, sweeping survey to the whole subject. Then I decide; my mind is made up irrevocably. No stress, no threats could alter that decision; no cajolery, no urging could modify it. For, next to moderation and open-mindedness, there is nothing so valuable as firmness."

"This illustration has been taken from actuality. I have come to an unalterable decision."

The students departed much impressed. The professor, in a glow of self-satisfaction, sought his home. Mrs. Terwilliger met him at the door.

"Zachariah," she said, "have you made up your mind on that matter?"

"Yes, my dear, I have thought it over and decided to say no."

"Really!" There was a touch of irony in the good lady's tone. "Well, I've thought it over, too, and I've decided you must accept. It would be nonsense to—" Mrs. Terwilliger's aspect was ominous.

"Very well, my dear," interjected the professor, quickly and meekly. "All right; do not let us have any words. Of course I shall accept; of course."

Pointed Paragraphs.

Men are willing to confess the things they can't lie out of.

It is safer to do business with a crippled mule than with an unloaded gun.

If a man hopes to awake and find himself famous he must do a lot of hard work before going to bed.—Mexican Herald.

Fitting the Name to the Act.

"Why does that lawyer who's asking the questions get so mad about it?"

"Why, because he's conducting a cross-examination."—Baltimore American.

A woman doesn't think anything is quite fit to eat unless she can serve it with whipped cream.

WILD MUSTARD AND CRESS.

Pungent Plants of Woodlands and Meadows in Springtime.

Nature's vegetable antidote for spring fever is the mustard tribe, which plays an important role in the spring flora and furnishes a tonic to systems wearied with the monotony of winter fare. To this fiery family belongs the first spring blossom of our middle States—the little whitlow grass whose tiny white flowers speckle the brown turf of old fields in March.

Better known to the average country rambler is that companion of the hepatica in rich woods—the pepper root, whose drooping white or rose-colored bells are among the loveliest of all our early spring flowers. This plant has a tuberous, creeping root, contracted at intervals so as somewhat to resemble a short necklace.

The peppery quality of the root, which is tender and delicate like a young radish, gives to the plant its common name, and no spring picnic in the backwoods is complete without its salad of fresh-pulled pepper root. One species found in mountainous districts has knotted root stocks a foot long and is sometimes called crinkle root.

Another of the wild mustard tribe with beautiful flowers is the bitter cress, of which several species are native to our wet meadows and brooks. The commonest blooms from April to June, its clusters of large, white four-petaled blossoms making irresistible posies about cool springs and along field runnels.

The European cuckoo flower is a species of bitter cress, but while indigenous to some northern States is rather rare. Its snowy flowers, like miniature white smocks hung out to bleach—as was the annual spring custom among rustic maidens of Shakespeare's day—are responsible for the name of "lady's smock," by which the plant goes in old English literature.

The familiar pepper grass plucked for canaries is a wild mustard, too, and is nibbling not to be despised by the human lover of pungency. So, also, is shepherd's purse, that humble denizen of every waste lot and neglected back yard—a plant which, according to Gray, enjoys the distinction of being the commonest of weeds.

Faith and Philosophy.

"The Illinois Central railroad runs through a large district of Southern Illinois familiarly called 'Egypt,' out of deference to its largest town Cairo," says Amelia Bingham in the Bohemian.

"When the first tracks of the railroad were being laid through 'Egypt' the division superintendent of construction went one day for a drink of water to a well beside the cabin of an old Kentucky darkey, who had found freedom and philosophy on the north side of the Ohio River. The old man was smoking his corn-cob pipe in the shade of his sycamore tree."

"Well, Uncle Sambo," said the railroad builder, as he hung up the gourd on the well-sweep again, "don't you do any work at all?"

"Me? Yaas, sah, I work six months every winter on a flatboat down on dat ribber yondah."

"Well, I suppose when we get this railroad through you will want a job on a flatcar, won't you?"

"What fer?"

"To work, of course."

"No, sah! Ain't neber goin' to be 'nough work on youah railroad to keep no man busy six months outen the yeah. Can't youah see dat ribber yondah flowin', flowin'?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, sah, de Lord he made dat ribber to float things down on, and dere ain't no use buildin' a railroad to enter a competition wid de Almighty!"

Tramp's Good Samaritan.

Last week a man was locked up in the holdover at police headquarters on the west side on a petty charge, says the Kansas City Star. It was a cold night. As there is no place provided where people who apply for a night's lodging can sleep, the police allow those who wish to do so to sleep in the big cell-room. While the man was locked up a tramp came in and discovered he had lost his pipe.

"I haven't a cent to buy another one and I have been begging tobacco for three days," said the tramp.

An hour later the man who was arrested was released on bond. He returned soon after with a cob pipe and a sack of tobacco.

"Can I see that tramp in jail?" he asked.

"What do you want to see him for?" said the sergeant.

"Well, he has lost his pipe and hadn't a cent to get a new one. So I thought I would give him one."

"I'll take it down to him," said the sergeant, as he reached for the jail keys.

"Well, I have heard the preachers say that a cup of water to them in jail was a Christian act, or somethin' like that," said the tramp, when handed the pipe and tobacco, "but I tell you the fellow that got this pipe ain't far from a Christian if his clothes were all dirty."

Something Missed.

Bacon—I see it is said that French is the language that carries best over the telephone.

Egbert—But you can't see the gestures.—Yonkers Statesman.

The man who is spoiled by a little popularity will never be spoiled by a lot of it.

What a contemptible weakness charity is, when it is felt for those you dislike.

LOST INDIAN TRIBE FOUND.

Discovered in Canada by Surveying Party.

James M. Cornish, head of a surveying party working in the wilderness of the Yellowstone pass in the Canadian Rockies—which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad Company seeks to penetrate with its transcontinental line—brings to Spokane a story of the discovery of more than 300 families of Indians hidden miles from civilization in the northern wilds, says the New York World. They appear to be prosperous and contented, passing most of their time in the chase of big game and breeding horses.

"Their story of settling in Yellowstone pass is romantic," Mr. Cornish said, "reading more like a chapter recorded by Fenimore Cooper than an historical fact. The Indians claim to be descendants from the once powerful Iroquois nation, which wrought so much havoc in the eighteenth century. Generations ago, they say, they lived in Illinois, but in the Blackhawk uprising they were driven from the States and for safety were forced to flee to the northwest."

"They traveled many months through strange lands and territories ruled by savage Indian tribes. They sought shelter with the Blood, Blackfeet, Cree and Beaver Indians, but were treated like outcasts and finally driven farther westward."

"From camp to camp they journeyed until they struck the Nez Perce country in Northern Idaho, going then to Spokane and Yakima settlements, but they were not allowed to remain. From the Yakima valley they went into the Colville district, where half their number were killed in combat with the Colvilles and Coeur d'Alenes."

"Finally, one of their chiefs told me, they settled in the Rocky Mountains at the mouth of Yellowstone pass and as no one appeared to molest them they remained. For a time they traded with the Hudson Bay people, but for more than 100 years they have not been in communication with either factors or traders, whether this is because of some real or fancied wrong I was not able to learn, but I did note a peculiar turn of the lip when the chief talked about his forebears' dealings with the company."

Mr. Cornish says many of the horses found in the pass are high bred and fleet of foot. The men devote much of their time to tribal sports, such as games between boys, foot racing and ball playing, the last-named pastime being a cross between lacrosse and baseball, the bat being similar to that used by cricketers, with a net on the end. The Indians appeared to be friendly to Mr. Cornish and his party and entertained them at a potlatch during their stay.

Her Estimate Was Short.

Aunt Thirza Tammerley is universally admitted to be "difficult." She is, in particular, one of those people for whom nobody can ever do anything which she can be brought to admit was done exactly right. So when her favorite niece, Marjorie, saw her face cloud slowly after the first smile with which she received the package brought her from Paris, she was scarcely surprised. She only wondered what would turn out to be Aunt Thirza's grievance this time. The next day she learned it from Cousin Jane, to whom Aunt Thirza had confided her disappointment.

"Jane," Aunt Thirza had said, seriously, "I am disappointed in Marjorie. She is not considerate; she is not tactful. To be sure, she has brought me a present, when I only asked her to do a commission, and I am trying to be grateful, but—No, Jane, Marjorie is not considerate."

"I wanted gloves; I particularly like nice gloves. That is why I asked her to get them for me—to get as many as I was likely to need. Those were my words; I remember them distinctly. And she has brought me six pairs—six!"

"I wanted, of course, to lay in a stock that would last me my lifetime. Wearing only one pair a year, as I do, it wouldn't have been so many. But six!"

"Does the child think that I am dropping into my grave? With our long-lived family behind me, eighteen wouldn't have been unreasonable, and a dozen no more than decent. Six!"

"I wouldn't breathe it outside of the family, Jane, but I almost fear that Marjorie is destitute of natural feeling. Six is positively callous!"

Unethical But Lucrative.

A Seattle doctor, who had an overabundance of muscle and an underabundance of cash, created a lot of excitement in that lively town by challenging the champion of the world to a wrestling match. Everybody paid his dollar and saw the doctor wrestle the champion to a draw. The doctor then made a speech—all wrestlers and prize-fighters are born orators—in which he announced that he would at once abandon the ring and "take up the practice of medicine in the Alaska building." References, every healthy sport in Seattle; office hours, all the time.—Portland (Ore.) Telegram.

Careful of Appearances.

"Yis, ma'am," said Bridget, "I'll be layin' ye. I don't like that snip of a dude that does be callin' on Miss Mabel."

"The idea!" exclaimed her mistress. "He doesn't call to see you, so what—"

"I know he don't, ma'am, but I'm afraid some o' the neighbors might think he does."—Philadelphia Press.

BOY AND GIRL CURED OF SORES

Which Broke out on Face and Body
—Medical Treatment Did Them
No Good—Mother Cured Both Her
Little Ones and Now The

WHOLE FAMILY JOINS IN PRAISE OF CUTICURA

"My son's trouble was running sores which first appeared on his face and then broke out all over his body. I had tried doctor after doctor for three months but none helped him. Then I was advised to try Cuticura. My druggist said that he could give me a salve that would help him, but I demanded Cuticura Ointment and after using it for a while I was surprised to see an improvement. I treated the sores with Cuticura Ointment on my face and Cuticura Soap, and gave him the Cuticura Pills. In two weeks he was almost cured, and after the steady use of Cuticura Remedies for two or three months I can now say that I have one of the finest boys in town, and I tell all my neighbors that he owes his health to Cuticura. Later my little daughter was all covered with sores on her face and body. I didn't waste much time or money with doctors, as I had done when my boy was sick, but used the Cuticura Remedies on her, and now my little girl is entirely cured. I send you her photograph to show how she looks after we used Cuticura. I know of several other cures which Cuticura Remedies have effected, including that of our domestic, Miss S., whose face was covered with mosquito bites which she scratched until they became a mass of sores and which she cured in no time with Cuticura Ointment. Our whole family joins in sending their thanks and praise for all that Cuticura Remedies have done for us. Mrs. Rose Floss, 1206 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill., Nov. 3 and Dec. 3, 1906, and Jan. 24, 1907."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c) to Heal the Sores, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c), (in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills 25c, per box of 60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter, Drug & Chemical Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Sent Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

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PHONE NO. 4.

CHILD'S PLAYFUL ACT

Causes His Father to Swallow Dangerous Solution.

Muncie, Ind., Aug. 2.—The playful blow of his six-year-old child, while he was in the act of gargling a solution of turpentine water, is likely to cause the death of John Holden, twenty-seven years old.

Holden, who has an affliction of the throat, was endeavoring to relieve his discomfort by gargling turpentine, when his young son, trying to play with him as usual, gave him a smart blow on the throat, which caused the man to swallow the solution.

The lining of the stomach was terribly burned, leading to the fear of an attack of peritonitis, and the lining of the windpipe is also burned. Holden has been unconscious the greater part of the time since the accident, and is unable to partake of food. Physicians say that unless there is a speedy improvement in his condition death will soon result.

Four Men Arrested.

Columbus, Ind., Aug. 2.—The arrest of David Fox, Charles Sylvester, Lovell Bowers and Jacob Kirk of Monroe county, on charges of complicity in the Vanest whitecapping, has stirred up a portion of Monroe county. The Bloomington papers have come to the defense of the four men and insist that they are innocent. They speak of the prominence of the men and state specially that Fox is one of the most prominent men in his part of the county. The statement was made some time ago that Vanest only recognized seven or eight men in the crowd which took him from his home and whipped him. He now says that this story is incorrect and that he is positive of eight men, while he thinks there were ten or more in the crowd. Eleven men are now under bond on the whitecapping charge.

Against Liquor Traffic.

Monon, Ind., Aug. 2.—A remonstrance signed by a majority of sixty-two of the legal voters of Monon township, this county, against the retail liquor traffic in the township, was filed with the county commissioners last May. Meanwhile George Helfric has served notice that he will apply on Monday next for a license, and the temperance people are preparing to enforce the remonstrance against him. The remonstrants are backed by legal counsel and sufficient funds and are confident of winning.

An Elusive Fugitive.

Martinsville, Ind., Aug. 2.—Two attempts have been made to capture Fred Baugh, an escaped prisoner from the Indiana Reformatory, who is said to be lurking at his home in the edge of Monroe county. The first time he had warning, in some way, of the coming of the officers, and was not at home, and the second time he jumped from a window and outran his pursuers. Baugh was sent to the reformatory for attempting to defraud a bank at Frankfort.

Breaks Through Bridge.

Portland, Ind., Aug. 2.—While a west-bound freight train on the Lake Erie & Western railway was crossing a forty-two-foot bridge near Ft. Recovery, the crew discovered the bridge on fire, and a hasty stop was made. The sudden stoppage caused the weakened structure to give way, and a heavily loaded coal car was thrown into the cut. The bridge was destroyed, despite efforts to extinguish the blaze, compelling a transfer of passengers at that point till a new structure spans the creek.

Rising From the Grave

A prominent manufacturer, Wm. A. Feltwell, of Lucama, N. C., relates a most remarkable experience. He says "After taking less than three bottles of Electric Bitters, I feel like one rising from the grave. My trouble is Bright's disease in the Diabetes stage. I fully believe Electric Bitters will cure me permanently for it has already stopped the liver and bladder complications which has troubled me for years." Guaranteed at W. F. Peter Drug Co.

THE MARKETS

Current Quotations on Grain and Live-stock at Leading Points.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.
Wheat—Wagon, 85c; No. 2 red, 86c. Corn—No. 2, 53½c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 44c. Hay—Clover, \$15.00 @ 17.00; timothy, \$18.00 @ 20.50; millet, \$12.00 @ 14.00. Cattle—\$4.65 @ 7.15. Hogs—\$6.25 @ 6.50. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 5.25. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.00. Receipts—9,000 hogs; 1,500 cattle; 200 sheep.

At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2, red, 88½c. Corn—No. 2, 57c. Oats—No. 2, 46c. Cattle—\$5.25 @ 6.00. Hogs—\$5.10 @ 6.40. Sheep—\$2.00 @ 4.85. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.60.

At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2, red, 91½c. Corn—No. 2, 54½c. Oats—No. 2, 43½c. Cattle—Steers, \$4.50 @ 7.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.50 @ 5.00. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 6.50. Sheep—\$3.75 @ 6.50. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.50.

A Valuable Lesson

"Six years ago I learned a valuable lesson," writes John Pleasant of Magnolia, Ind. "I then began taking Dr. King's New Life Pills, and the longer I take them the better I find them." They please everybody. Guaranteed at W. F. Peter drug store, 25c.

Advertise in the REPUBLICAN. It pays

TO LIST PROPERTY

Tax Board Wants All Standard
Oil Ownings on
Duplicate.

MUCH PROPERTY UNLISTED

They Propose to Locate and Put
on Tax Duplicates All
They Can Find.

It Is Believed the Standard's Assess-
ment Should Be Heavily
Increased.

Indianapolis, Aug. 2.—The state board of tax commissioners propose to locate and put on the tax duplicates all of the property of the Standard Oil company that can be located in the state. The assessor of Lake county has already begun an investigation in that county. In its investigations the board has discovered, it is declared, that much Standard Oil property has not been listed for taxation in several counties, and it is the opinion of members of the board that this will prove true in every county in the state of Indiana. Thus far the assessment on Standard Oil property has been increased \$652,743 and it is probable, it is said, that the state board will make the increase much larger after it has completed its investigation as to sequestered property.

CONFIDENTIAL PROOF

Residents of Seymour Cannot Doubt
What Has Been Twice Proved.

In gratitude for complete relief from aches and pains of bad backs—from distressing kidney ills—thousands have publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. Residents of Seymour who so testified years ago, now say their cures were permanent. This testimony doubly proves the worth of Doan's Kidney Pills to Seymour kidney sufferers.

Mrs. Jessie Buckels, of 20 Jefferson Ave., Seymour Ind., says: "I was in a very bad condition when I started using Doan's Kidney Pills. I had a dull aching across my loins which caused great pain if I attempted to stoop or lift anything. The kidney secretions were much disordered and caused me a great deal of embarrassment. I also suffered from nervousness and dizzy spells." statement given in 1899. In Oct. 1906 Mrs. Buckels confirmed the above saying: "I have never suffered the least symptom of kidney trouble since using Doan's Kidney Pills in 1899. I am very glad to give them my endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doans and take no other.

The Long Polar Night

Generally speaking we figure Europe as being wholly within the temperate zone, but when we come to investigate matters we find that North cape, the most northerly point of Norway, is in the shadow of the north pole. At that point you can see the "midnight sun" in all its ghastliness, that great luminary being constantly above the horizon from May 5 to Aug. 6, or just one day over three months. But the long wintry night makes up for this 100 days of constant sunshine. It begins on Sept. 22 and constantly increases in length until Nov. 6, when the "polar night" commences in earnest, the sun never appearing above the horizon from the last mentioned date until Feb. 5, one day less than three months.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

How To Find Out.
Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or scum indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by drug gists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

CONTEST OF ENDURANCE

This Seems to Be the Status of Minnesota Strike.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 2.—An understanding has been reached between representatives of the state, the steel corporation and the striking iron workers as to the future conduct of the strikers and sheriff's forces, and, as a result, it is believed, the possible necessity for sending troops to the iron range has disappeared.

After a conference with Sheriff Bates, T. F. Cole, representing the steel corporation, and Teodilo Petriella, the strikers' representative, the following agreement has been reached:

"All marching by the strikers is to cease. There is to be no trespassing on private property. The men shall be allowed to assemble peaceably for the purpose of discussing their interest."

All messages received at the state capitol yesterday showed an entire absence of violence. The strike, apparently, has resolved itself into a contest of endurance.

BODIES BEING FOUND

Aeronauts Who Took Voyage in Ill-Fated Balloon.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 2.—The body of another officer, who went up in the military balloon from the Aeronautic park at Tsarskoe-Selo July 19, has been picked up at sea.

There were four officers in the balloon when it ascended. Four days later the balloon itself was found empty and waterlogged at sea, and one body was discovered floating in the Gulf of Finland on July 25. Evidence shows that the four officers drew lots and successively threw themselves from the balloon into the water in order to reduce the weight of the airship and keep it up as long as possible. This explains why the bodies are being picked up so far apart.

The National Game.

National League—At Chicago, 7; Brooklyn, 2. At St. Louis, 8; New York, 7. At Pittsburgh, 2; Boston, 4. At Cincinnati, 0; Philadelphia, 4. Second game, Cincinnati, 1; Philadelphia, 0.

American League—At New York, 3; Detroit, 4. At Boston, 14; Cleveland, 1. At Philadelphia, 2; St. Louis, 0. At Washington, 3; Chicago, 7.

American Association—At Indianapolis, 6; Kansas City, 5. At Toledo, 3; Minneapolis, 1. At Columbus, 5; St. Paul, 4. Second game, Columbus, 5; St. Paul, 6. At Louisville, 8; Milwaukee, 6.

Comptroller's Statement.

Washington, Aug. 2.—The monthly circulation statement, issued by the comptroller of the currency, shows that at the close of business, July 31, 1907, the total circulation of national bank-notes was \$603,395,886, which was an increase for the year of \$41,914,941, and a decrease for the month of \$32,804. This is the first time in nearly four years that a monthly statement has shown a decrease in the circulation outstanding.

A Gruesome Find.

Oklahoma, O. T., Aug. 2.—The body of a young man with both ears severed from his head was found three miles west of this city last night. The finding of a freshly severed ear on the principal street of this city led to the discovery of the body. This is the second crime of this sort within a week. The body of an unknown man with both ears severed was found in a boxcar last Saturday.

Neighbors Got Fooled

"I was literally coughing myself to death, and had become too weak to leave my bed; and neighbors predicted that I would never leave it alive; but they got fooled, for thanks be to God, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It took just four one-dollar bottles to completely cure the cough and restore me to good sound health." Writes Mrs. Eva Uncapher of Groveton Stark Co., Ind. This King of cough and cold cures, and healer of throat and lungs, is guaranteed by W. F. Peter Drug Co. 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

Outgrowth of Idle Stories.

Rome, Aug. 2.—It is declared in Catholic circles that the revelations regarding immoral practices on the part of the Salesian fathers at Varazze are greatly exaggerated. They are an outgrowth, it is said, of stories that were circulated a year ago when a young priest named Bertane left the convent; the anti-clerical papers have based their entire case upon an isolated incident, and pupils of the schools have been incited to make false confessions.

Hunting For Trouble.

"I've lived in California 20 years, and still hunting for trouble in the way of burns' sores wounds, boils, cuts, sprains; or a case of piles that Bucklen's Arnica Salve won't cure," writes Charles Walters, of Allegheny Sierra Co. No use hunting, Mr. Walters; it cures every case. Guaranteed W. F. Peter drug store, 25c.

Harbin, Aug. 2.—During the last few days nomadic bands of Tunguses have made frequent raids in Russian territory. A sudden exodus of Chinese merchants and servants is taking place, similar in character to the exodus before the Boxer uprising. The authorities fear that this may indicate a new approaching trouble with the Chinese.

S.S.S. KILLS THE GERMS OF SCROFULA

Through the blood, diseases are carried from one generation to another. Parents transmit them to their children, and so it goes on down the family line for years and years unless the taint is removed from the blood. Especially is this true of Scrofula, for it is a disease that is "bred in the bone," and unless the blood is purified and every trace of the trouble removed the miserable disease will finally undermine the entire health and wreck the life of its victim. The usual symptoms of Scrofula are enlarged glands or tumors about the neck, which often burst and become discharging ulcers, weak eyes, Catarrh of the head and throat, skin diseases, etc. The trouble being so firmly entrenched in the blood often attacks the bones, resulting in White Swelling, or hip disease, while a waxy, pallid appearance of the skin, loss of strength and energy, and often lung affections, show that the disease is entirely destroying the bright red corpuscles and rich, nutritive qualities of the blood. Scrofula being a constitutional disease, one affecting the entire circulation, must be treated with a remedy that builds up and strengthens every part of the system, which has so long been denied the strength and nourishment it should have received from the blood. S. S. S. is the best of all blood purifiers and the greatest of all tonics, and is therefore the ideal remedy for Scrofula. S. S. S. searches out and destroys all germs, taints and poisons, gives strength, richness and vigor to the blood and cures Scrofula permanently. It so thoroughly removes the trouble from the blood that no signs of it are ever seen again, and posterity is started out in life with a clean, pure blood supply, which is their rightful inheritance. S. S. S. while thorough, is gentle in its action, and the healing vegetable ingredients which compose it build up every part of the system. Book on the blood and medical advice free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

GENERAL REPAIR SHOP

WE REPAIR—Bicycles, Lawn Mowers, Gasoline Stoves, Locks, Umbrellas, Baby Carriages, Guns, Sewing Machines, etc., etc.

WE HARPEN—Lawn Mowers, Scissors, Knives, Saws and everything that needs an edge.

Keys made, Umbrellas covered, Sewing machine supplies, Fishing tackle, Incandescent gas lamps, etc., etc., etc.

W. A. CARTER & SON



WE SAW WOOD

Right along here, but must also say something about it in the public prints, else you might not know that here you can obtain an A1 grade of kiln dried well seasoned, tongued and grooved flooring, ceiling and outside lumber, lath and shingles—all sorts of hard and soft woods.

**The Travis
Carter Co.**



Indianapolis, Columbus
and Seymour Trac-
tion Company.

Southern Indiana Rv

TIME TABLE

North Bound.

	2	4	6
Lv Seymour	6:40 am	12:30pm	5:35pm
Lv Bedford	8:01 am	1:50pm	6:54pm
Lv Odon	9:11 am	2:58pm	8:00pm
Lv Elmore	9:22 am	3:08pm	8:10pm
Lv Beehunter	9:33 am	3:20pm	8:22pm
Lv Linton	9:48 am	3:34pm	8:36pm
Lv Jasonville	10:08 am	3:56pm	9:01pm
Ar Ter Haute	11:00 am	4:50pm	9:55pm

South Bound

	1	3	5
Lv Ter Haute	7:00 am	11:15am	5:45pm
Lv Jasonville	7:53 am	12:09pm	6:38pm
Lv Linton	8:12 am	12:29pm	7:02pm
Lv Beehunter	8:24 am	12:41pm	7:15pm
Lv Elmore	8:36 am	12:55pm	7:27pm
Lv Odon	8:47 am	1:05pm	7:37pm
Lv Bedford	10:05 am	2:20pm	8:50pm
Ar Seymour	11:15 am	3:35pm	10:05pm

For time tables and further information, apply to local agent, or
H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A.
Grand Central Station, Chicago.

Southern Indiana RAILWAY

Summer Tourists Round-trip Rates via Chicago and Lake Lines, also All Rail to Pacific Coast, Colorado and North-west Points on sale from June 20th to September 30th, final Return Limit October 31st. See us for rates and routes.

C. H. ADAMSON, Agent.

LEWIS & SWAILS, LAWYERS.

Seymour, - - - Indiana.

DELICIOUS ICE CREAM SODA AND SUNDAE'S AT

WHITE'S ICE CREAM PARLOR

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I have a few copies of the latest popular music left which I will close out at 10 CENTS per copy. Call and make your selection before they are all gone. Also a nice line of Music Bags, Rolls and Music Cabinets.

CALL AND LEARN PRICES.

**Mrs. O. S. Guernsey's
MUSIC STORE.**

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B. & O. S.-W.

Popular Excursion to

Niagara Falls

LAST ONE OF THE SEASON

**SATURDAY, 10TH
AUGUST**

\$8.00 FOR THE
ROUND TRIP

Tickets good for twelve days through Canada. Passengers can have their choice between Detroit and Buffalo by rail or boat. Special train leaves Cincinnati at 1:30 p. m. from C. H. & D. depot. For further information call at B. & O. ticket office.

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